

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

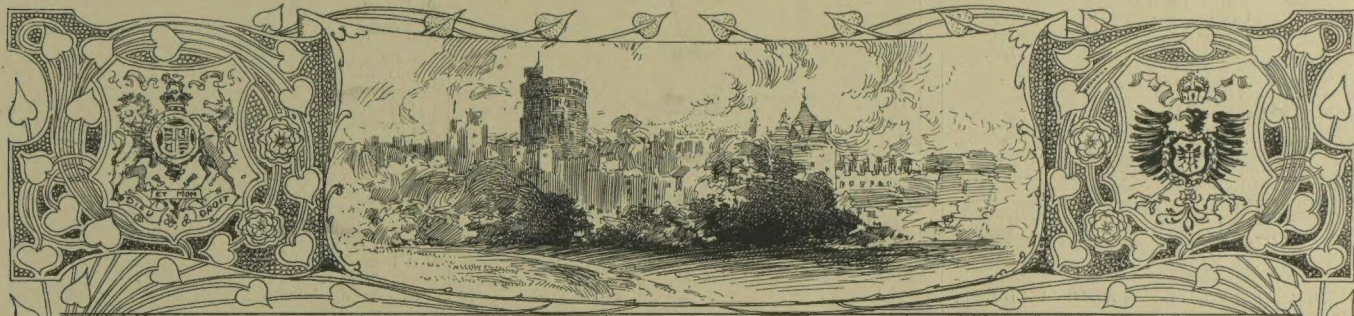
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No. 3579.—VOL. CXXXI.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1907.

SIXPENCE.

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Queen of Spain. King. Empress. Kaiser. Queen. Queen of Portugal. King Alfonso. Queen of Norway.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, 57 AND 61, EBURY STREET, EATON SQUARE, S.W.



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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### "SIMPLE SIMON." AT THE GARRICK

LIKE the egg of immortal memory, the new play of Mr. Murray Carson and Miss Norah Keith, which they style "Simple Simon," is good—in parts. It has its exciting and its appealing scenes, but its material is for the most part old, and it is not handled in either a fresh or a convincing manner. Indeed, the method of development is so much of the go-as-you-please kind that we might almost imagine that the collaborators had tried their hands on the play's construction turn by turn. There is scarcely any moment when we feel that things must have happened in the way the playwrights arrange for their happening, and long before the millionaire hero has settled his financial and domestic embarrassments our interest is exhausted. Though this drama opens with an old, old story—that of "New Men and Old Acres," and sundry works dealing with a well-born girl's marriage of convenience with a wealthy plebeian—the first two acts, with their side lights on love in the smart set, prove distinctly promising. The millionaire who has been drawn to the heroine by her seeming honesty and truthfulness suggests possibilities of drama when he discovers that his fiancée has lied to him on three matters—notably about the fact that she has been previously engaged to, and is still fond of, a lover of her own class—a penniless young officer. But that love dies the death very quickly, and the dramatist asks us at this point to accept a preposterous postulate. We are to imagine that the bridegroom, who on his honeymoon displays all the customary affection of a newly-married husband, has kept all his suspicions to himself, but suddenly, when he brings home his bride, punishes her by informing her that henceforth their relations must be those of casual acquaintances. No wonder the girl, in retort, asks what her husband's feelings have been during the honeymoon, and urges a separation. The play's last act, apart from its inevitable scene of reconciliation, presents the hackneyed spectacle of a man of business overcoming a financial crisis. It is not a piece that gives any wonderful scope for acting. Miss Violet Vanbrugh is very natural in the heroine's light-comedy scenes, and gets as much as any actress could out of Gladys' rhetorical outbursts. Mr. Bouchier suggests admirably the breezy self-assurance of the millionaire, and throughout strikes the note of a strong man born to succeed. And Mr. Cyril Keightley offers an extremely clever study of the smart officer of to-day—his walk, his manners, and his style of conversation.

The German Empress visited Waring's establishment in Oxford Street on Nov. 16, and was received by Mr. S. J. Waring, who conducted her Majesty over the famous house, which looked its best for the occasion. The Empress was particularly struck with the carpet department, with reproductions of costly Persian carpets at prices as low as fifty shillings. These wonderful copies, made possible by the firm's latest inventions, were supplemented and contrasted with price-less examples of the originals. The Empress was much impressed with the marvellous store of artistic treasures exhibited in the firm's magnificent building. During the visit, the Empress received Mrs. S. J. Waring, and Miss Gladys Waring presented a bouquet to her Majesty.

### AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

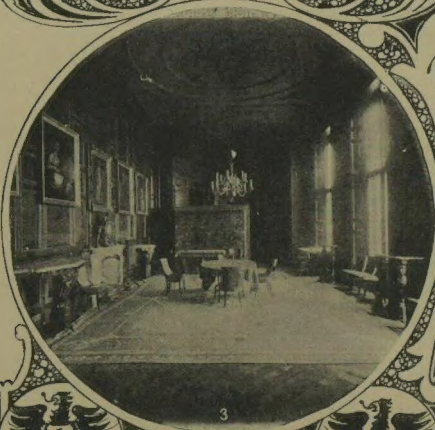
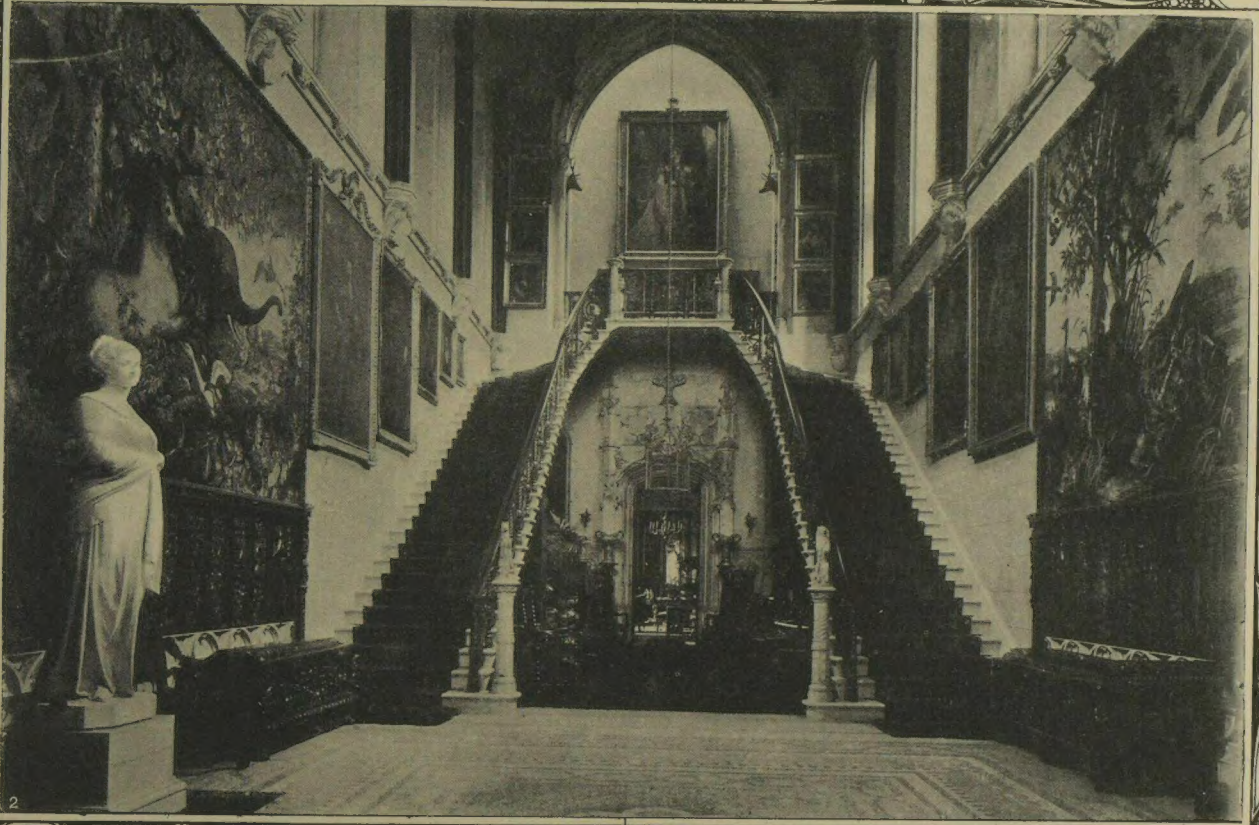
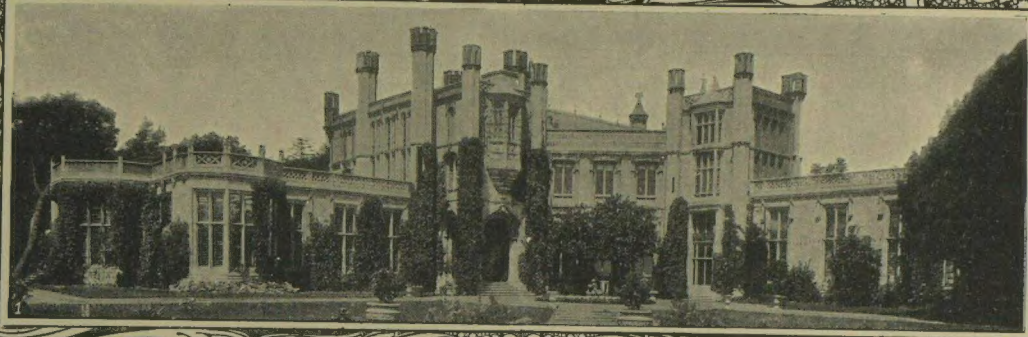
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# THE KAISER'S HAMPSHIRE HOLIDAY: HIGHCLIFFE CASTLE, WHERE HIS IMPERIAL AND ROYAL MAJESTY IS STAYING.



1. A GENERAL VIEW OF HIGHCLIFFE CASTLE.

2. THE HALL AND GRAND STAIRCASE, HIGHCLIFFE CASTLE.

3. THE DINING-ROOM, HIGHCLIFFE CASTLE.

4. THE DRAWING-ROOM, HIGHCLIFFE CASTLE.

5. THE LIBRARY, HIGHCLIFFE CASTLE.

It was at first intended that the Kaiser should spend his holiday in the Isle of Wight; but no suitable residence occurred. Ultimately an arrangement was made with Sir Alfred Cooper, who holds Highcliffe Castle, near Christchurch, on lease from the proprietor, Colonel the Hon. E. Stuart-Wortley, that the Kaiser should have the famous Hampshire house for a fortnight, or for as long as his Majesty desired. The Kaiser went into residence at Highcliffe Castle last Monday.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY MOSS.]





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

AMONG the most extraordinary explanations that have ever been printed in political history the following may surely be remarked. I will quote it in the exact words of a special correspondent from Berlin—

BERLIN, Nov. 15.

After Herr Harden's acquittal various letters appeared in the Press seeking to discredit the genuineness of the references to the Eulenburg clique which Herr Harden alleged had been made to him by Prince von Bismarck in the presence of a witness. These letters asserted that Prince von Bismarck closed his doors to Herr Harden after the latter published some drastic remarks of the Prince concerning the Conservative Party.

Herr Harden, in a characteristic article in the current number of his paper, the *Zukunft*, takes up the challenge and narrates how in 1897 he found Prince von Bismarck, somewhat depressed as a consequence of an attack of gout, at the house of his physician, Dr. Schweninger. The latter explained that the Prince severely felt his exclusion from the political arena, and that his spirits would soon revive if he were involved in a serious controversy—that is to say, in a "good row." Thereupon, with Dr. Schweninger's connivance, Herr Harden decided to publish a few sentences which the ex-Chancellor had uttered in criticism of the Conservatives. The physician's forecast was verified, the Press seized the opportunity by commenting on the matter, and Prince von Bismarck's former cheerfulness returned.

One fancies at first this must be unique in history. It seems sufficiently unusual that a man should abuse or betray another man merely to give him a new interest in life. But perhaps it is not unique; perhaps it is the explanation of many apparent revolts, secessions, or betrayals. Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain went against Mr. Gladstone over Home Rule only because he thought Mr. Gladstone was looking slightly bored, and benevolently desired to give an old gentleman a lively and entertaining old age. In that case he certainly succeeded. Perhaps Mr. Winston Churchill only became a Liberal to save Mr. Balfour from a severe attack of influenza, contracted through not making enough indignant speeches. Perhaps Disraeli was secretly financed by Gladstone's doctor, or Gladstone secretly financed by Disraeli's, or perhaps both. Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain's medical adviser paid for the whole of the South African War, provided the Boer armaments, wrote the Ultimatum, and finally dressed up as President Kruger. All this would certainly have been to the good of his patient, for Mr. Chamberlain would assuredly not have been so happy in his later years if it had not been for his hobby of Imperialism. This theory would also explain (what nobody has ever otherwise explained) why the Government was so quick in provoking a war and so uncommonly slow in conducting it. It was necessary (in the eyes of the omnipotent medical man) to raise Mr. Chamberlain's spirits first by the impression that the treatment would be brief and pleasant: he was told that Buller would eat his Christmas dinner in Pretoria, as a child in a dentist's chair is told that it will soon be over. Yet it may not be medically possible that it should soon be over; and, just as it may be right to keep the child a little longer under gas and to take out two more teeth, so it was thought best for Mr. Chamberlain's health to keep him for a few years in the full fever and convulsions of patriotism.

The idea expands before one's imagination into infinite avenues of application. The whole rebellion in the Midi was the work of a hygienic friend of M. Clemenceau, who thought he was not looking well. The French Revolution was started by the Court physicians to cure Louis XVI. of his minor complaints—which it did. It is a large and awful fancy, this of all the politics of the world, all the hot debates and heroic wars of the world, being the secret work of scientists who pull the strings from the consulting-room and the bedside. The physician hurls a bomb at the King instead of giving him a pill; a bomb is a tonic, perhaps, and found

to brace the nerves. A surgeon orders a nation to be bled, as he might order one man to be bled.

I have seen some old thirteenth-century pictures in which the physician or the surgeon wears a mask. It was the same idea that made men put masks on the executioner or the torturer, so that the victim should not hate the face of any particular man who hurt him. There is a tendency for the modern scientific authorities to tie on their masks once more. There is a tendency for all modern things to become anonymous, science as well as journalism. Modern machinery, modern knowledge, modern discovery and enterprise are all too huge to have a name. For it must always be remembered that a thing does not hide only by being small. A thing can hide by being big. A whale as big as all the oceans would be as



Photo. Russell.

THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR LEOPOLD M'CLINTOCK,  
Who Solved the Mystery of Franklin's Fate.  
(SEE "PERSONAL.")

invisible as a live speck in stagnant water, for one could not see its shape. The serpent that went round the world would take as long to discover as a microbe; for we have not discovered a thing until we have discovered the ends of it. In the case of the world-serpent we could not (in a literal sense) make head or tail of him. Some things hide in their own hugeness. So, for instance, the whole world itself has been hidden from us from the beginning.

Science, then, even medical science, is too big not to be a secret. But if we take as an example the idle paragraph I have cited above, I think we shall see clearly enough the first thing that has to be said about it. It was all very well for Herr Harden and for Bismarck's doctor to go and conspire together and agree that Bismarck was not annoyed enough and to set to work with affectionate solicitude to annoy him. But what would Bismarck have thought of it? Would he have really enjoyed his rage? Would it have done him any good if he had known that his doctor had recommended rage as he might have recommended quinine? It may, indeed, be urged by the ingenious that he would in this case have flown into a second rage at the people who wanted to get him into the first rage,

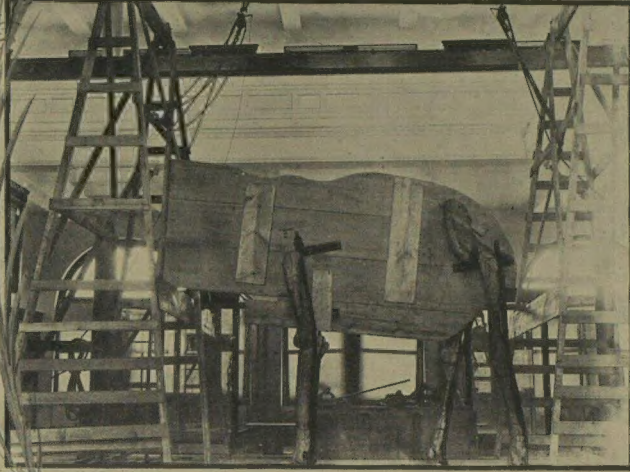
and that thus the tender hopes of the doctor would be crowned, after all. But I think that a distinction should be drawn here. There are different kinds of rage, as there are different kinds of drugs—some which stimulate and some which merely debase. The wrath of a great statesman on discovering a new public opponent might be uplifting and even exultant; but the wrath of a great statesman on discovering that he had only been opposed because it was good for his digestion to dance with rage would, I think, be wrath of a humiliating and even depressing kind. Doctors might use the first anger as a tonic; but I cannot imagine how they could use the second anger, except, perhaps, as an emetic. Herr Harden may be very proud of having infuriated Bismarck for his own good; but he cannot suppose that Bismarck would have been proud of it. Bismarck forgave Harden because he thought Harden had done him a bad turn. He would never have forgiven him if he had known that he only did him a good turn.

This quaint case of Herr Harden and the doctor might be taken as a parable of the whole position of science. The profound dislike which the democracy has for physical science has this explanation. But perhaps you do not know that the democracy has a profound dislike of physical science. You are so unmistakably a person of culture, and there are so many things that you know and I don't, that I forget from time to time that there are some things that I (who live in Battersea) know and you don't. You have heard science and democracy mentioned together, as two nice progressive sort of things. You have been listening to men making speeches about science in Hyde Park, but you have not been listening to men talking about the hospitals in a Battersea tram. If you had you would go back and begin my sentence again with the same words uttered in the same emphatic manner. The profound dislike and hatred which the democracy has for physical science is owing to the fact that physical science always seems to be doing men good against their will or without their knowing it. Hence it seems to be doing good scornfully; which is worse than doing evil. Never throw a penny at a beggar: throw a brick at him. He will then feel that you are his enemy, and therefore his equal. But humanity will never forgive a kind act done so as to show that it is not kind. Humanity is patient under wrong, but impatient under a wrong use of right. If a man smite thee on one cheek turn unto him the other; but if he pat thee on the head, knock him down. The supercilious profanation of pity: that is the thing humanity cannot endure. And that is what seems superficially irritating about physical science: that it seems to bring help without bringing pity, or to bring pity without bringing sympathy. It is an insult to help a man without feeling one with him: it is merely pointing at a hunchback.

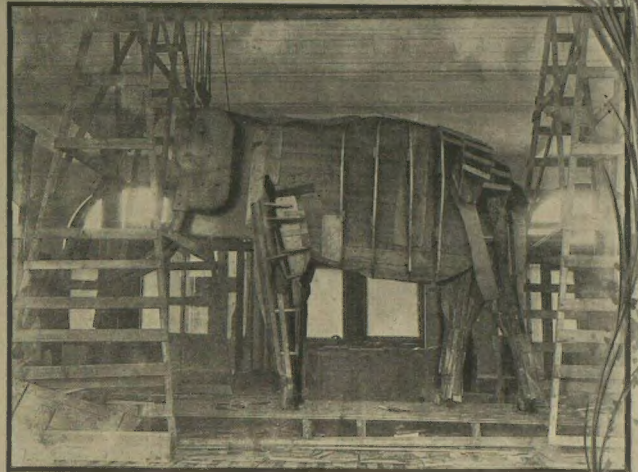
The weakness of all the scientific proposals for helping mankind is that they are doing it behind mankind's back—a broader back than Bismarck's. All the modern talk about environment and the best conditions really means that man will somehow become good without knowing it. It is, perhaps, possible to become good without knowing it; but it is highly impossible to leave off being bad without knowing it; and that is the task before the great part of humanity. The sinner wants his sin to succeed as a sin; apart from that he wants it to be forgiven as a sin: sometimes he even wants it punished as a sin. He never wants it called anything else except a sin. He understands charity; he may want his sin explained. He never wants it explained away. And the horror which common humanity has of modern science is a horror of its horrible mercy. If we were really only lifting burdens which certainly ought to be lifted, humanity would be quite content. But humanity fears that it is denying evils that certainly ought not to be denied.



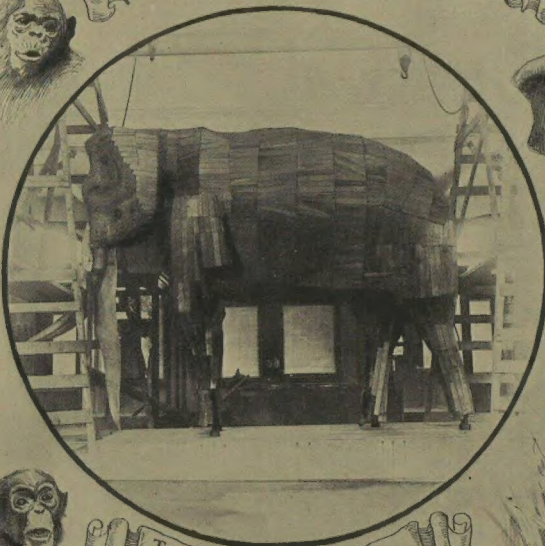
## BUILDING UP AN ELEPHANT: THE NEW TAXIDERMY.



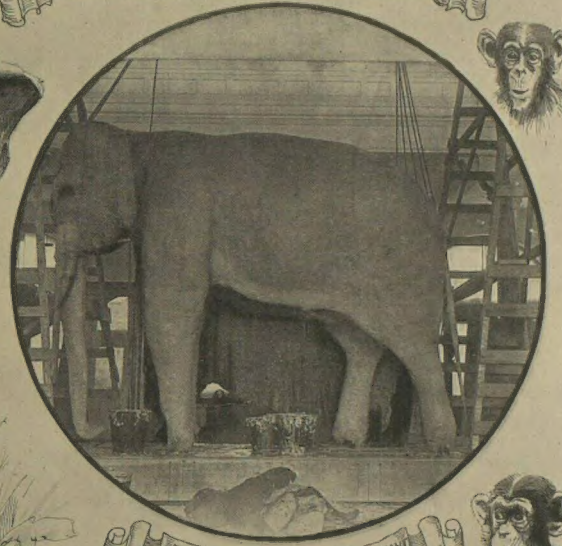
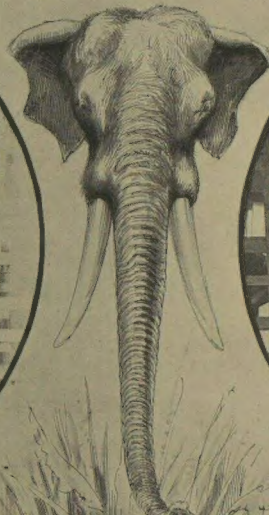
THE BEGINNING OF AN ELEPHANT.



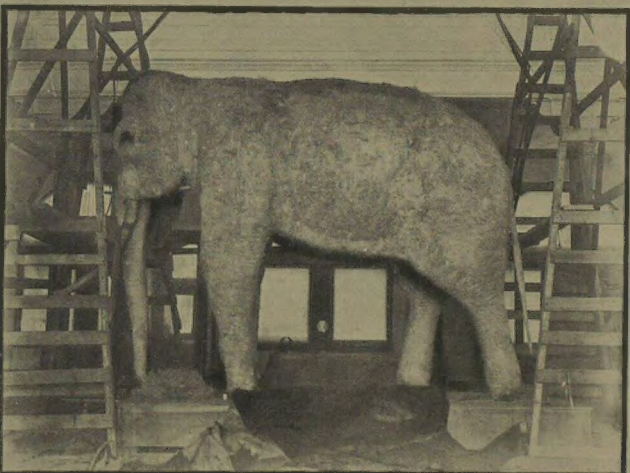
THE FRAME-WORK OF THE ELEPHANT PARTLY BUILT.



THE FRAME-WORK OF THE ELEPHANT COMPLETED.



THE FRAME-WORK OF THE ELEPHANT COVERED WITH PLASTER.



THE PLASTER FIGURE OF THE ELEPHANT AWAITING ITS SKIN.

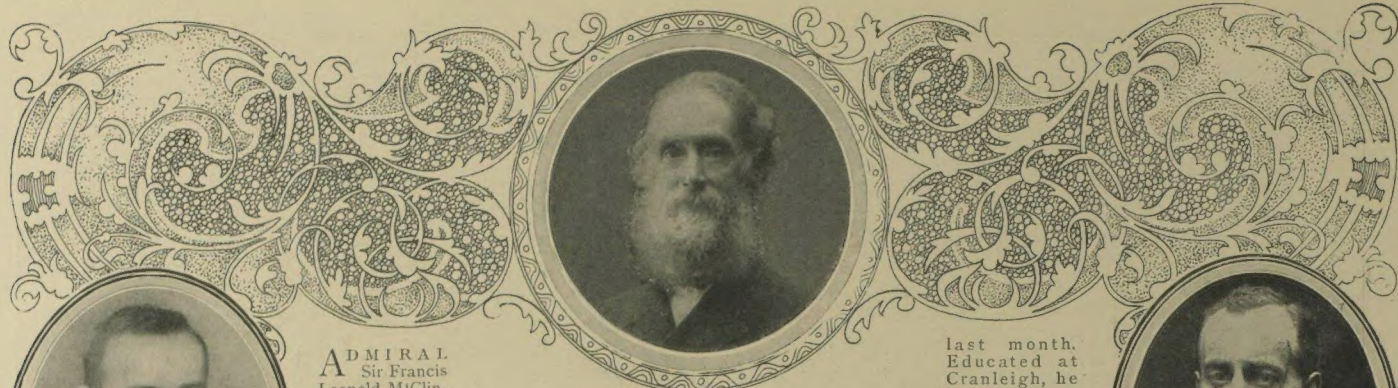


THE ELEPHANT WITH THE SKIN PARTLY ON.

### THE ANIMAL-STUFFER AS ENGINEER: THE NEW METHOD OF MOUNTING SPECIMENS.

At the American Museum of Natural History the mounting of specimens has been brought to great perfection by Mr. J. T. Clarke. We have already shown the building up of the lion, the whale, and the bear. The modelling of the animal's figure is done in plaster on a wooden foundation. On this plaster model the skin is stretched, and the effect is far more life-like than that attained by the old method.





MR. ROBERT YOUNG,  
New Privy Councillor for Ireland.

### PORTRAITS AND WORLD'S NEWS.



THE LATE FRANCIS THOMPSON,  
Poet and Critic.

ADMIRAL Sir Francis Leopold M'Cintock, K.C.B., F.R.S., D.C.L., and L.D., died in London on Sunday night at the great age of eighty-eight. He entered the Navy when he was twelve years old, and served in the *Enterprise* when she went to the Arctic seas under the command of Sir James Clarke Ross, and in the *Assistance* under Sir Erasmus Ommanney in 1850. In 1852 he commanded the *Intrepid*, one of the five vessels sent to the Arctic under Sir Edward Belcher, and accomplished a sleigh journey of 1210 geographical miles in 105 days. Admiral M'Cintock then commanded the *Fox* on the famous journey in search of Sir John Franklin, and his book, "The Voyage of the 'Fox' in Arctic Seas," is read to this day. His portrait appears on our "Note-Book" page.

Prince Arnulf of Bavaria, whose death took place in Venice on Tuesday of last week, was born at Munich in 1852, and was the third son and fourth child of the present Prince-Regent Luitpold. Prince Arnulf enjoyed a distinguished career in the Bavarian Army, and reached the rank of Field-Marshal. He saw service in the Franco-German War, served as a Staff officer with the Russian Army against the Turks in 1877, and was present at the Siege of Plevna. He commanded the First Bavarian Army Corps from 1892 to 1903, and was Honorary Colonel-in-Chief of an Austrian and Prussian regiment.



THE LATE PRINCE ARNULF OF BAVARIA,  
Who died mysteriously at Venice.



MR. WILLIAM DOWNEY,  
Who photographed three Kings and five Queens at Windsor last Sunday.



THE LATE MR. HENRY KEMBLE,  
Eminent Actor.

last month. Educated at Cranleigh, he began his art work at St. John's Wood School in 1896, and worked for six months as an assistant in the studio of Mr. E. A. Abbey, R.A. He has painted in Italy, and has exhibited at the Royal Academy since 1899. His picture "St. Agnes" was purchased by the Chantry Trustees in 1905, and his "Hamlet" was bought by the Government of Queensland from the Academy in 1902.



MR. FRANK C. COWPER,  
Elected A.R.A.

### Royal Movements.

On Monday last the royal party at Windsor broke up. King Edward left for Ingestre on a visit to the Earl of Shrewsbury, and as this is his Majesty's first visit to Staffordshire, the greeting he received was particularly enthusiastic. The Kaiser went on the same day to Highcliffe Castle, in the New Forest, the residence of Colonel and Mrs. Stuart-Wortley, accompanied by the heads of his Naval, Military, and Civil Cabinets, and will take a short rest-cure. The King and Queen of Spain, on leaving Windsor, went to town, where King Alfonso visited the Motor Exhibition at Olympia and then left Euston by the London and North-Western Railway's royal train for Workshop on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck Abbey, where there is a large house-party. The German Empress has gone to Holland in the imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*. Queen Maud, Prince Olaf, and Princess Victoria have gone to Sandringham. The Queen of Portugal is in London, and the Prince and Princess of Wales have gone to Thetford. It is rumoured that during the Kaiser's visit to Windsor various political questions of the first importance were dealt with, among them the problems of the Congo Free State and the Baghdad Railway. The Kaiser has recorded his appreciation of a reception that could not have failed to convince all who saw it that there is nothing in the attitude of our countrymen to stand in the way of the most cordial relations between Great Britain and Germany.

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THE LATE HON. EVELYN ASHLEY,  
Formerly M.P. for the Isle of Wight.

Although Francis Thompson was but forty-eight at the time of his death, was an invalid for half his life, and had spent some mistaken years at Owens College, Manchester, in the attempt to follow his father's profession of medicine, he has left three volumes of imperishable poetry, and a vast amount of critical prose, published, for the most part, in the *Athenæum* and the *Academy*. "Poems," his first volume, issued in 1893, met with immediate recognition, and ran into four editions in the year of publication. Nor had he to look to posterity for a full comprehension of his unearthly Muse: he found his peer in Mr. Coventry Patmore, who welcomed him to the ranks of the immortals in the pages of the

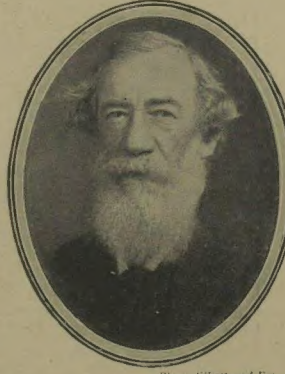
Mr. Henry Kemble, the well-known actor, who died in Jersey on Saturday last, was born nearly sixty years ago to Captain Henry Kemble, of the 37th Foot, who was the son of Charles Kemble, and younger brother of John Philip Kemble and Sarah Siddons. Mr. Kemble made his first appearance on the stage in 1867, and came to Drury Lane in 1874. A year later he appeared under Sir John Hare at the Court, and then joined the Bancrofts at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre in Tottenham Court Road, remaining with them until their retirement in 1885. Not only on the stage, but in private life, Mr. Kemble was a comedian full of droll stories and interesting recollections, overflowing with kindness that did not diminish his shrewd and valued judgment of affairs in the theatre and beyond it.

Dr. Moncure Daniel Conway, whose death is announced, was born in Virginia seventy-five years ago, and started life as a lawyer, only to leave the law and become a Methodist minister. In 1854 the influence of Emerson, Thoreau, and Longfellow had affected his views so much that an anti-slavery sermon led to his dismissal from the pulpit of a Unitarian church in Washington, to which he had gone when the doctrines of Methodism ceased to appeal to him. During the North and South War of 1861 Dr. Conway lectured gratuitously throughout the United States in favour of Emancipation, and in 1863 came to England to win over English opinion for the Federal cause. From 1864-97 he was pastor of the well-known South Place Chapel, in Finsbury, and did good work in literature and journalism. He acted as correspondent to the *New York World* during part of the Franco-German War, and found time to make many literary friendships in London, reckoning among his friends Carlyle, Newman, Dickens, Browning, Tennyson, George Eliot, and many others. Dr. Conway's literary output was very varied: ethical and religious subjects claimed his pen for some years, then he turned his attention to biography and history. Three years ago his two volumes of autobiography were very widely read.

Mr. Frank Cadogan Cowper, who has been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, is quite a young man; he celebrated his thirtieth birthday

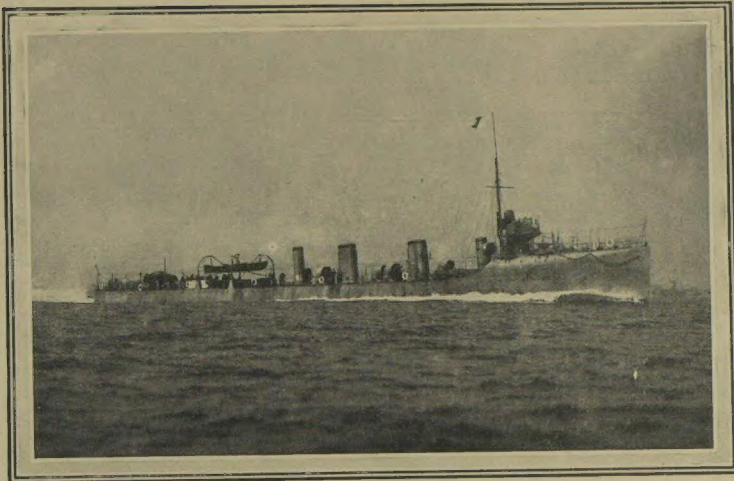
### The Financial Situation in the United States.

The recent financial collapse in the United States, which would have been so much worse but for the prompt intervention of some of that country's wealthy capitalists, has been eased for the time by the issue of £10,000,000 worth of Panama Canal Bonds and £20,000,000 worth of interest-bearing Certificates of Indebtedness. President Roosevelt has sent a letter to his Financial Minister, Mr. Cortelyou, approving these measures, and announcing that the leaders of Congress are considering a currency measure, and stating that this measure will be passed as soon as Congress meets. Mr. Roosevelt adds that it is very necessary for the citizens



THE LATE DR. MONCURE CONWAY,  
American Author and Preacher.





A RECORD SPEED DESTROYER, H.M.S. "MOHAWK."

During her speed trials on November 15 the "Mohawk" attained an average speed of 34½ knots in a run of six hours. She carried armament, crew, equipment, and stores, and the run was made in a fresh breeze. The vessel was built by Messrs. White, of Cowes.



Photo. Weiss and Fuchs.

WHERE THE KING IS VISITING THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY, INGESTRE.

On November 18 the King went to Ingestre Hall to be the guest of the Earl of Shrewsbury. On the following day his Majesty shot over the Ingestre estate. Staffordshire gave the King a very enthusiastic reception.

of the United States to realise the fundamental soundness of business conditions, and to avoid any action that may precipitate a panic. This warning is very necessary, and Mr. Cortelyou's action has lent a better colour to the general financial conditions in the States. But the fact remains that many thousands of small investors and business people have withdrawn their money from circulation, and are hoarding specie in their own homes. The shrinkage of values on the Exchange and the failure of banks would seem to have forced them to a belief that they cannot do better than save what remains to them in the most concrete form. Their action is not hard to understand; but, at the same time, it is fraught with the gravest consequences to the State, for the world exists on credit, and if the small investor and business man in the States elect to keep their wealth under their control in the form of specie, the next condition of the American money market will be worse than any that have gone before. The new Cunard liner, *Mauretania*, which left Liverpool on Saturday evening last on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic, carried £2,750,000 in gold to New York to relieve the pressure.

#### Political Speeches.

Political speeches of considerable interest and importance have been delivered in the past week by Mr. Arthur Balfour at Birmingham and Mr. Asquith at Nuneaton. Mr. Balfour addressed the Unionist Party in Birmingham in connection with the annual conference of the National Union of Conservative Associations. His programme for the Unionist Party may be classed under six heads. Tariff Reform and Colonial Preference are placed in the forefront, anti-Socialism and Old Age Pensions come next, followed by Poor Law

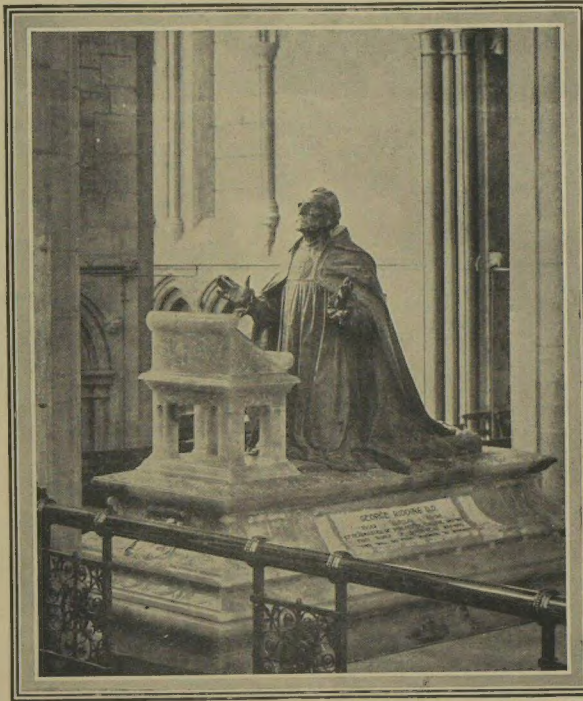


Photo. Loughton.

THE MEMORIAL TO THE LATE BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL.

A memorial to the late Dr. George Ridding was unveiled on November 14 by the Duke of Portland. The monument is erected in Southwell Cathedral.

Reform, Housing Reform, and increase of small owners. Discussing the basis of taxation, the ex-Premier declared that it needed broadening; duties, he said, should be widespread; they should be small; they should not touch raw material; they should not increase the proportion in which the working classes are asked to contribute to the cost of government. Of Socialism, Mr. Balfour said: "I believe it to be absolutely ruinous, not to possessors of property principally and chiefly, but to the whole community, which depends, not upon dividing the wealth of those who are above the average, but in increasing the production of the whole community." Speaking of the recent Colonial Conference, he remarked, "If we, by the wave of some magician's wand, were installed to-morrow, our first clear duty would be to summon again the Imperial Conference which was so hastily dissolved, to open that door which was so rashly closed, and see if we could not do something towards that great ideal of Imperial Unity, towards which no man has done so much as my right honourable friend, the late Colonial Secretary" (Mr. Joseph Chamberlain). Mr. Balfour declined to regard as outside the fold of Unionism those members of the party who do not see eye to eye with him on questions relating to Tariff Reform. At Nuneaton two days later Mr. Asquith, Chancellor of the Exchequer, addressed a large meeting, which suffered considerably from the interruptions of female Suffragists, who, to the number of thirty, were ejected from the hall. The Chancellor described the proceedings of the Conservative Conference in Birmingham as the latest act in a comedy which might be entitled "The Salting of Mr. Balfour's Tail." He declared that the Tory Party, as a party, has been captured by the Protectionists, and that Liberalism alone stands between this country and the return to Protection.

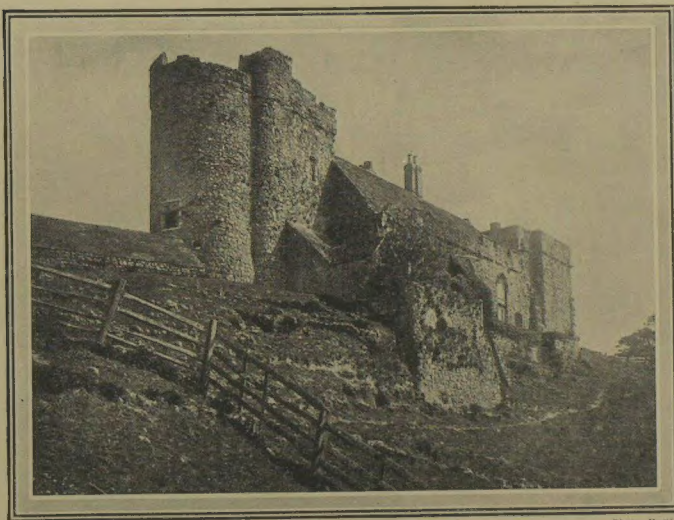


Photo. Frith.

LYMPNE CASTLE, TO BE REBUILT IN ITS ORIGINAL FORM.

The ancient castle of Lympe, in Kent, which has been a ruin for more than two hundred years, is to be restored. The original plan is to be followed, so that when the restoration is complete the building will present exactly the appearance it had before it fell into decay.

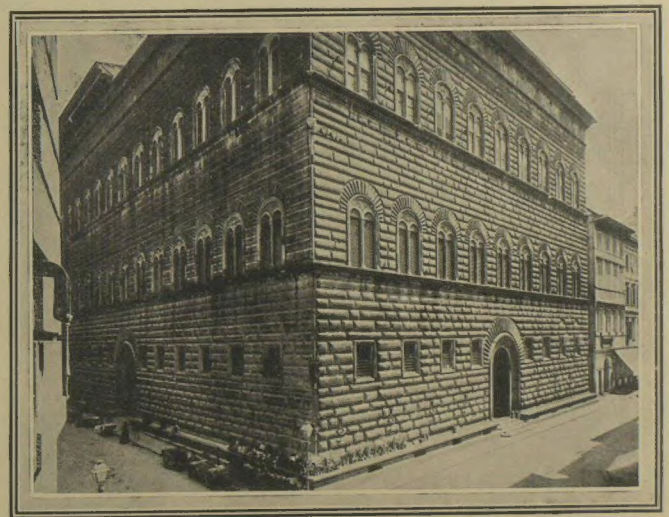


Photo. Ashman.

BEQUEATHED UNDER CURIOUS CONDITIONS: THE STROZZI PALACE, FLORENCE.

The late Prince Pietro Strozzi has bequeathed to the Italian Minister of Public Instruction his wonderful palace in Florence on condition that the Minister should pay to the Prince's widow the sum of three million lire.



# THE DRUCE CASE: THE EXAMINATION OF IMPORTANT WITNESSES.

SKETCHES BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN COURT.



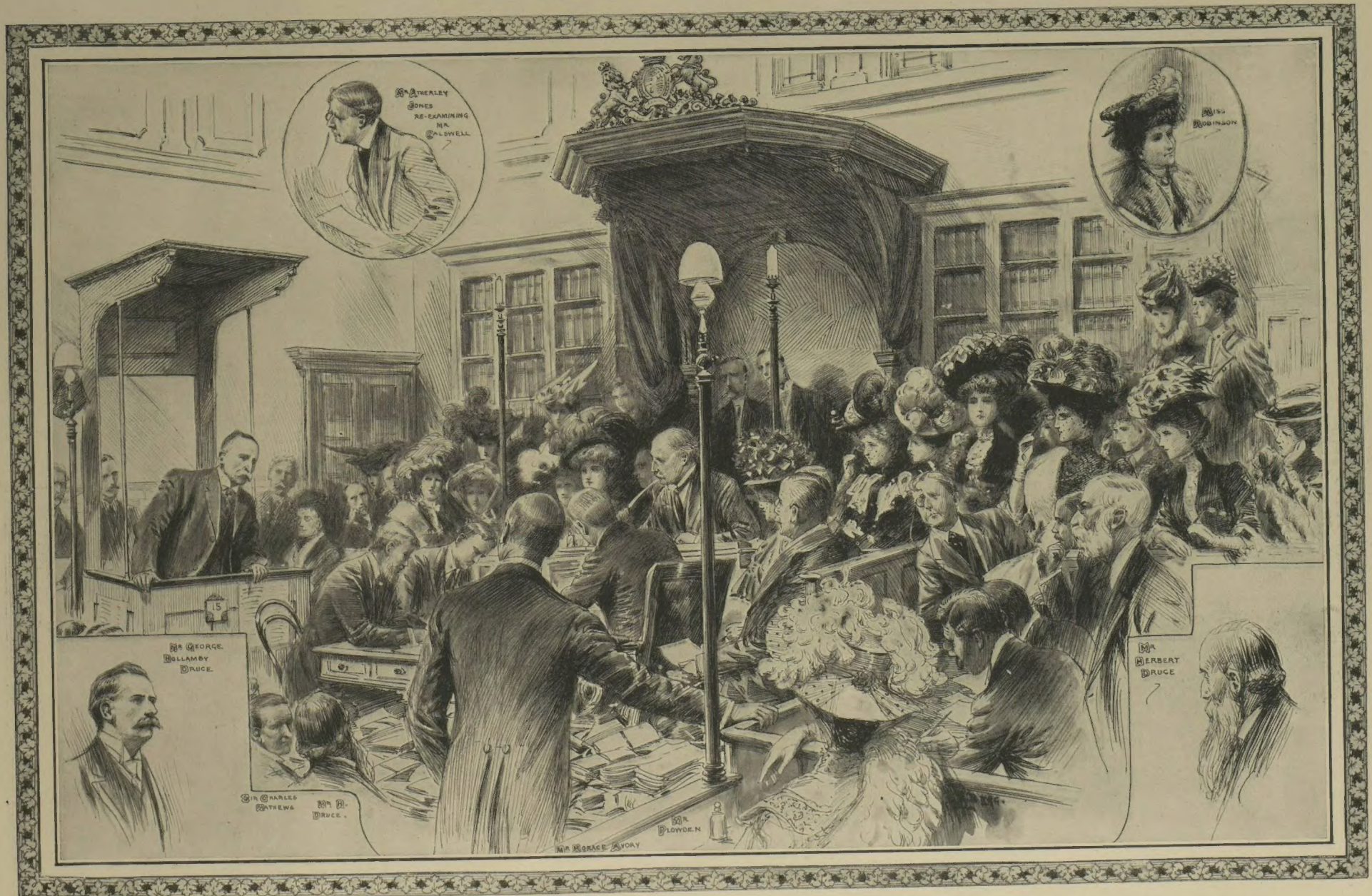
## THE UNRAVELLING OF THE DRUCE-PORTLAND MYSTERY BEFORE MR. PLOWDEN AT CLERKENWELL.

On November 18 and 19, Mr. Plowden sat at Clerkenwell Police Court in order to continue the hearing of the Druce case. The magistrate changed the venue from his own court at Marylebone in order to avoid delay. Mr. Caldwell was cross-examined by Mr. Avory, and Miss Robinson, the owner of the stolen diary, also gave evidence, telling the story of her acquaintance with Mr. T. C. Druce and Charles Dickens. The court was again crowded with a fashionable audience.



# SOCIETY ON THE BENCH IN A POLICE COURT: THE FASHIONABLE AUDIENCE AT THE DRUCE CASE.

SKETCHES BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT MARYLEBONE POLICE COURT.



THE SCENE AT THE MARYLEBONE POLICE COURT DURING THE EXAMINATION OF MR. CALDWELL.

The hearing of the Druce case was resumed at the Marylebone Police Court in the presence of a very fashionable audience. Beside Mr. Plowden on the bench were Princess Hatzfeldt, Lady Bagot, Lady Fitzgerald, Lady Clayton, Lady Grey, Mrs. and Miss Chichele-Plowden, Lady Susan Yorke, Lady Grey-Egerton, and many others. Among the audience were also Lady Commerell, Lady Strachey, Lord Hardwicke, and Lord Royston. Mr. Caldwell, the witness from America, was under examination the whole day on November 15, and maintained that T. C. Druce and the fifth Duke of Portland were one and the same person.



## ART NOTES.

THE congregation of portraits at the New Gallery includes a little bevy of sensations. In the first place, Signor Mancini has shaken out his whole bag of tricks, and has converted into an astonished admiration and annoyance that his singular technique has hitherto provoked in England. It was natural that something akin to derision should meet the incongruous ruggedness of his canvases when, a few years ago (at the instance of Mr. Sargent), he exhibited his storms of paint on the placid walls of Burlington House. In the portrait of Mr. Hugh Lane, at the Portrait Painters' Exhibition at the New Gallery, his tempest has abated nothing, but we have learned to face its exhilarating force rather than turn our backs to it. Mr. Hugh Lane, like most Mancini models, sits barricaded behind still-life. Flowers are scattered at his feet in reckless profusion, carpet abounds, and cardboard boxes and vases are all blatantly afloat. Sitting—or rather perched—behind is Mr. Lane, tense for the few hurricane hours in which he was painted. He is seen against a pale-green curtain, on which the light falls as with the clash of cymbals, but the crescendo of illumination is on the forehead; there it beats down, as a noted critic has expressed it, like hail.

The portrait is a triumph in sensations. It conquers; it may not be denied. The most reluctant must concede to the excitement of such realism. It is a room of ghosts to which we turn after looking at Mancini's Mr. Lane—or, let us say, a room of portraits merely. These other sitters are not present; they have gone about their various businesses. Somewhere, it may be reasoned, they move and are alive; but here their flattened likenesses speak of people of unreal demeanour—flimsy, blurred, askew, incredible. Even those who have a show of conversation on their lips are pathetically remote from the substantiation which they seem to desire. Fortunately, there is not one only way of painting, one realism, one truth, one manner. Signor Mancini is a painter of emphatic actuality, and if the canvases which neighbour his at the New Gallery seem, by comparison, to falter in their realism, their other qualities are undiminished. The culture of characterisation and the gentle satire of Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mr. Graham Robertson, who looks even more slender than when—careful, we remember, of the nice conduct of his clouded cane—he first entered the scene of Mr. Sargent's canvases.

The second sensation, which was of that mild and amusing order that "Horry" Walpole's pen would have chronicled with relish, has been washed away by a clever restorer's damp sponge. It is gone! A freak of judgment has been obliterated, and a painter's rancour—it can hardly have been less—assuaged. That a picture which, but a few years ago, was shown upon these same walls straight from the studio of our greatest portrait-painter should have been tampered with by an alien hand and sent back for exhibition, was strange enough. But when the emendation—save the mark!—implied a supposed lack of good taste upon the painter's part, the incident became inexplicable. But the folly of another is annulled, and may be most easily forgotten before Mr. Sargent's lovely portrait of a lady in the West Room. The painter has

Photo. Rita Martin.  
THE SUCCESSFUL DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS ACTRESS: MISS STELLA CAMPBELL.

Miss Stella Campbell is now touring with her mother, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in America, and has had a great success.

seldom succeeded more completely in expressing the modern woman: manner, action, expression, the composure of the sensitive face, and the temperament of the expressive hands are all rendered with surest intuition.

The fame of Charles Furse, which has been very amply cared for since his misfortunate death, does not gain by the two rather commonplace examples of his art



Photo. by Manuel; Costume by Dressel.

THE GREATEST OF CHANTEUSES TURNED ACTRESS: MADAME YVETTE GUILBERT, WHO HAS APPEARED AS SUZETTE DE MÉRIGNAN IN "L'AMOUR EN BANQUE"

in the Mancini Room. Mr. Orpen's "Sir James Stirling, Bart.," is the most notable canvas apart from those already mentioned.

place among his great achievements. As a rule the stray pieces that are recovered long after a composer's death are not of very great interest, but this is a happy exception to the rule. The cadenzas for which the young player is responsible, showed that she has studied the master very conscientiously, and her playing, ably assisted by Mr. Wood's fine orchestra, was a delight to the most fastidious ear. In the Brahms concerto Miss Harrison was perhaps rather less successful, but it must be remembered that all Joachim's gifts were required to do full justice to it, and Miss Harrison is only seventeen.

Miss Myra Hess, of the Royal Academy, gave an interesting recital last week, assisted by the New Symphony Orchestra, a combination which is coming rapidly to the front under the spirited guidance of Mr. Thomas Beecham. Miss Hess played the fourth pianoforte concerto of Beethoven very creditably, showing a mastery over the greater part of a very difficult work, and was even more happy in the C minor concerto of Camille Saint-Saëns, a composition more within her scope at present. She is still too young to think out for herself all the problems underlying the great music of the master, but her touch is excellent, and the artistic temperament is there, waiting only for a few years of conscientious study to complete its development.

Mr. Frederick Delius, whose "Appalachia" will be presented by the New Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Herr Cassirer, at the Queen's Hall to-night (Friday), is a native of Bradford, and a musician of more than common attainments. His compositions have met with great approval in Germany, where they are produced quite freely, but down to the present London has neglected him. Mr. Delius has written an opera, "Koango," and a comic opera, "A Village Romeo and Juliet," which came near to creating a furore in Berlin.

At Covent Garden, London has been introduced to Baron Alberto Franchetti, whose fine opera, "Germania," met with quite a favourable reception. The composer has individuality; he owes less to past masters than several of his popular contemporaries, and, in piling up big dramatic effects, he shows himself a master of the orchestra. His score is an illuminating interpretation of the drama; he has a wide range of orchestral resources, and he uses them without sacrificing melody. "Germania" has been finely mounted, but the performance would have been the better for a few more rehearsals.



WHERE MANY OF THE GREAT WAGNERIAN MUSIC-DRAMAS WERE WRITTEN: THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE VILLA WAHNFRIED AT BAYREUTH.



A WAGNER MUSEUM AT BAYREUTH: THE VILLA WAHNFRIED, THE BIRTHPLACE OF MANY OF WAGNER'S MUSIC-DRAMAS.



## AN ORIGINAL CONCEPTION OF SHAKSPERE'S JAQUES.

DRAWN BY CHARLES BUCHEL.



MR. OSCAR ASCHE AS JAQUES IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."

In the recent production of "As You Like It" at His Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Oscar Asche gave an original reading of the part of Jaques. He emphasised the disillusionment of the man of the world, and made Jaques a rough rather than a polished cynic.



## SCIENCE

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SCIENCE AND FICTION.

IT is a testimony to the far-reaching interests of scientific affairs that the modern novel in very many cases draws upon different branches of science in the work of elaborating its plot and its dénouement. A tolerably large acquaintance with fiction both of the more serious and of the

lighter kind has convinced me that this taking toll of scientific facts and theories by the novelist is not merely widely represented, but appears to be actually on the increase. In a popular magazine I read a story the crux whereof was found in the peculiar properties of a certain combination of drugs. In another I found the special features of a particular poison exploited as the main item in a startling narrative of villainy and crime. The great Sherlock Holmes was an astute chemist, if I remember aright, and could detect the special ash representing the débris of particular brands of cigars. Once upon a time, the story-teller rejuvenated that venerable myth that the eye of the murdered man could retain the image of the murderer, and that this image could be reproduced by photography. For this view of things there never was any real justification. It represented the exaggeration of a certain physiological experiment in which the eye of a recently killed rabbit was made to show the image of a window through

special manipulation, having for its object the fixing of the image on the visual purple of the organ of sight.

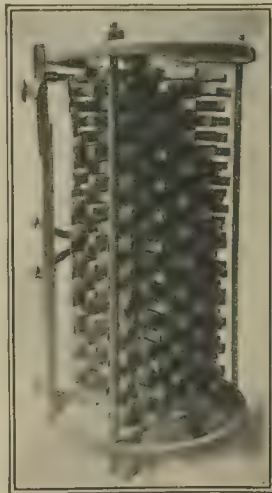
The ancient ghost

which figured in our childhood's days, in Christmas tales particularly, and which, clad in spectral robes of white, stalked abroad at the witching hour, has been quite deposed from its once respected position in fiction. It is supplanted by theosophical marvels, by the wonders of the "subliminal self" applied to telepathy, clairvoyance, and other reputed marvels whereon the appetite of the credulous feeds eagerly. The people who look for a sign to-day, are seldom disappointed, especially if they seek it at the hands of the palmists and others of that ilk, and pay well for the revelations of the occult which are promised them. I read recently that apparently the police force have succumbed to the fascinations of the clairvoyant. My daily newspaper informs me that a professor of this art laid himself down in a murdered woman's bed, went into a trance, "reconstructed" the crime, as our French neighbours have it, and finally ended up with a description of the murderer, and with the remark, "He is on his way to Melbourne!" I shall keep my eye very attentively on the future history of the Camden Road tragedy. We have got a plain case at last for testing the pretensions of the clairvoyants. At present the police theory, it is clear, does not point to Australia at all.

The mysteries of mesmerism, if mystery there be at all, form another source of inspiration of the novelist drawn from the pages of scientific experience. Hypnotism unquestionably represents a certain series of more or less abnormal brain-phenomena. We are all conversant with the lines on which the

## A NEW TRANSMITTER OF PICTURES BY TELEGRAPH: M. BÉLIN.

M. Bélin has invented an instrument, quite different from Professor Korn's, for transmitting photographs to a distance by electricity. He does not use a selenium cylinder, the essential element in the Korn apparatus. The Bélin system is described elsewhere.



A TELEGRAPHIC THERMO-ELECTRIC PILE HEATED IN A FIRE TO PRODUCE THE CURRENT.

## TELEGRAPHY OLD AND NEW: A RECENT INVENTOR AND EARLY INVENTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLARKE AND HYDE.



THE FIRST WHEATSTONE FOUR-NEEDLE TELEGRAPHIC INSTRUMENT.

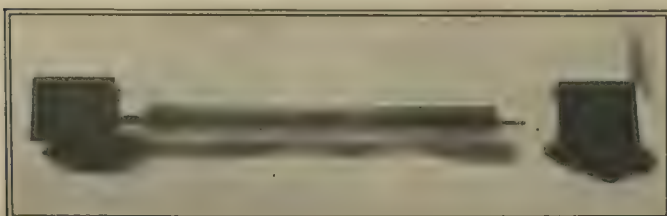
## NATURAL HISTORY

hypnotist proceeds, and we know the results he obtains, results explicable when the functions of the brain are duly appreciated. But there is a side to mesmeric literature which is as chimerical in its nature as are the specious promises of the fortune-teller who cajoles servant-maids at the area gate. In fiction mesmerism does yeoman service over and over again. The bold, bad man fixes his beautiful and unwilling victim with a look and dominates her as by a spell. He is even represented on occasion as capable of turning the affection of his victim for her true love into diabolical hate. Then the plot thickens, and another and benevolent mesmerist appears on the scene, foils the villain of the piece, and releases the maiden from his toils. All this may be excellent fooling, but it is not science. It is simply a gross burlesque of what science teaches, a travesty of scientific results, altered and modified and transmogrified to suit the purpose of the purveyor of light, very light, literature.

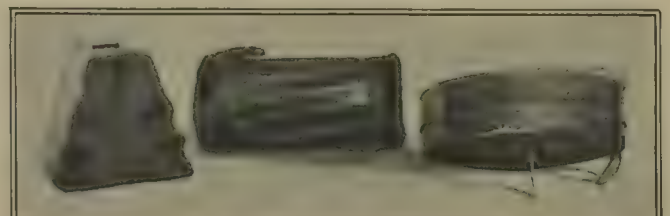
The exploitation of scientific invention in fiction dates probably from the days of Jules Verne. To give the memory of that romancer its due, it must be said that Verne stuck closely to scientific details. He moulded his story to fit the science of his day, in place—as is too often the case to-day—of modifying science to suit the necessities of the narrative. His voyage to the moon is really a triumph of calculation, such as, given the possibilities of carrying out the details, might indeed make a journey to Luna philosophically conceivable. His story of sailing below the seas foreshadowed the submarines of to-day. Had he lived to see wireless telegraphy a reality, he might have written an enchanting romance regarding the possible extension of the system to, say, inter-planetary communication. He might have similarly used what the journals are proclaiming—namely, the alleged conveyance of electrical power without wires or cables, so that we might picture Niagara having its store of electrical energy led to any part of the earth without the use of the costly apparatus required to-day to convey power to a distance.

ORIGINAL PATENT FOR THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH, GRANTED TO MESSRS. COOKE AND WHEATSTONE IN 1837.

Such endeavours represent the legitimate use of science in fiction, because they are founded on scientific data, and merely represent the novelists' ideas of what might happen if the forces of Nature could be exploited at man's will to a higher degree than is possible to-day. The novelists, however, many of them, might well take heed of another little failing of theirs when they subject the human body to a series of grave assaults and accidents from which the recovery of the hero invariably takes place. Often have I laid down an otherwise admirable novel in which a human being has been wounded, half-slaughtered, and done to the point of death, not once but over and over again, and yet turns up smiling to marry and live happily ever afterwards in the end. There are limits to the amount of injury with sword and gun which the human frame can endure. Apparently even novelists of repute have not yet realised this very simple fact.—ANDREW WILSON.



PORTION OF THE FIRST CALAIS-DOVER CABLE: A SINGLE WIRE IN GUTTA-PERCHA, PICKED UP IN A TRAWL NET, 1875.

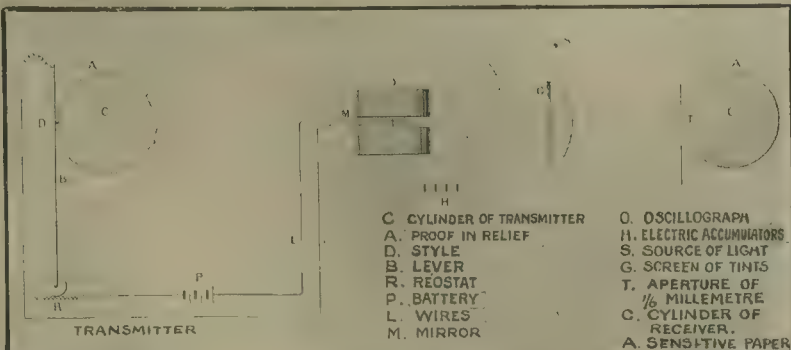


OLD METHOD OF INSULATING WIRES IN WOOD: A SECTION OF THE 1866 ATLANTIC CABLE, AND THE RIBBON CARRYING THE FIRST MORSE MESSAGE FROM BERLIN TO BALMORAL.



## TELEGRAPHING PICTURES: THE NEW BELIN PROCESS EXPLAINED.

1. THE Belin process of transmitting photographs by telegraph differs from the method of Professor Korn, inasmuch as the initial impulse is mechanical and not electro-chemical. Professor Korn uses a selenium cylinder, which has the curious property of becoming a better conductor of electricity when it is acted upon by light. In this way he obtains a modification of current which corresponds to the light and shade of the picture to be transmitted. M. Belin employs instead a negative in relief placed on the cylinder, C, in the accompanying



2. diagram. Over this a style travels, rising and falling with the relief of the picture, and breaking an electric circuit by the roughnesses of the negative surface. In the circuit is a mirror, M, surrounded by the coils of another electric circuit, H. A beam of light plays upon the mirror and is modified by the gradation of the picture being transmitted. This beam is focussed by a lens upon a sensitive film, A, revolving on a cylinder, C, in the receiver, and the



ORIGINAL OF PORTRAIT OF INVENTOR TRANSMITTED

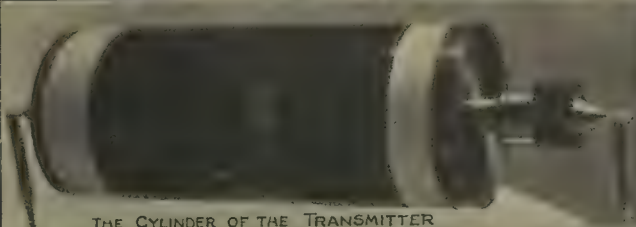


PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND TRANSMITTED BY BELIN INSTRUMENT

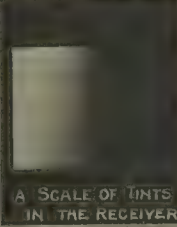


PORTRAIT OF INVENTOR AS RECEIVED

3. photograph is thus reproduced. In front of the lens is a graded screen of tones, G. Photographs have been transmitted with this instrument, and the apparatus has been used successfully at a distance of one-and-a-fifth kilometres. On this page we show the original of the



THE CYLINDER OF THE TRANSMITTER

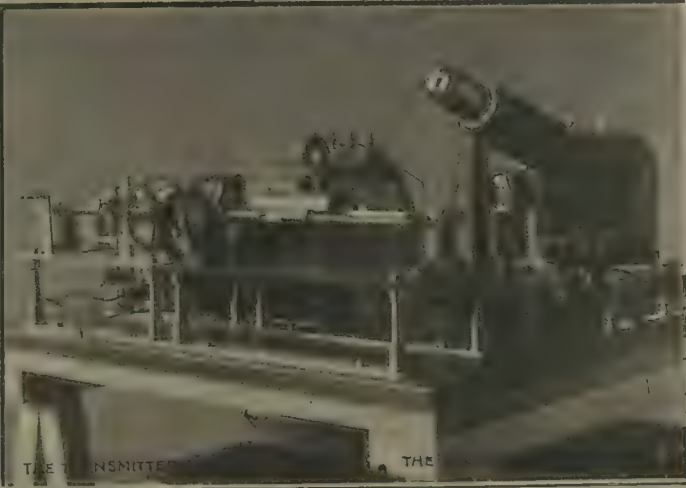


A SCALE OF TINTS IN THE RECEIVER

4. portrait of the inventor which was sent over the wires, and opposite it is the picture as it was received. A portrait of the Queen of Holland was also sent. The instruments were not actually a kilometre apart, but the equivalent resistance was introduced into the circuit.



THE RECEIVER



THE TRANSMITTER

## THE METHOD AND RESULTS OF M. BÉLIN'S PROCESS OF PHOTO-TELEGRAPHY.

At an early date, M. Bélin intends to experiment over a long distance, for which he will use the French telephone-wires. Our readers will remember our contemporary "l'illustration's" experiment from the office of the journal to Lyons and back.





Bab Pundin, a gale of the city of Mequinez, Morocco.



DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.



City &amp; oasis of Ghardaa - Mchab - Sahara.

## "THE SENTIMENTAL TRAVELLER."

IT is open to question how many sentimental travellers, carrying with them the Author of their Being in a Gladstone bag Vernon Lee confesses to this, in "The Sentimental Traveller" (John Lane) have stayed to read, even at Charing Cross, that preface written in the "Desobligeant" which sets forth the three reasons why folk travel: Infirmary of body, Imbecility of mind, or Inevitable necessity. Surely some would have lost their train, seeing dry-shod at home those sights for which others were to measure many foul steps! Where then, my dear countrymen or countrywomen, are you going? Well, Vernon Lee has gone to Germany, Italy,

of the fir' woods," or the "dear familiarity of the big chestnuts," leave the reader hopelessly unsentimental. And a phrase like "dim Napoleonic Grecian-pilaster

If only the world were sufficiently robust for another Mandeville, and could accept those "gourdes" swallowed by the fourteenth century "which, when they are ripe, men cut a sonder and fynde therein a beast as it were a little lamb without wolfe"! But, instead of "beyond

that valey a great yle with giants of xxviii fote long, and beyond that yle another where are greater—some sayd I cubits, but I saw not them," here is Mr. Hamerton "In the Track of Stevenson" (Arrowsmith) pedalling a bicycle across the Cevennes, behind the great man's donkey! He, too, is a sentimental traveller, inquiring, with the obstinacy of Mark Twain's guide over Columbus, about his hero at every stage, and receiving more than once

the almost classic answer that Mark Twain made his own. The already interest; photographs are strengthened



A MAN'S TRACK: THEY FIND IT.

### AN ARTIST'S BOOK ON NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Drawings on this page are by Mr. J. G. Millais, son of the late Sir J. E. Millais, and are reproduced from "Newfoundland and its Untrodden Ways," by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.



A MAN'S TRACK: ABOUT TO GO.

and-lyre-backed-chair fashionableness," or Goslar, "Christmas-treeish and fairy-bookish," is not even pretty. But one moment of strong feeling awaits those who read the chapter on Montreuil. They lunched there, and the talk ran on "realism, symbolism, the function of the novel; the limits of literature and



CURIOUS ATTACHMENT TO PREVENT FOWLS FROM ENTERING GARDENS.

France, and Switzerland! A childhood in Rome, severely deprived of sight-seeing—Rome meant little to her but

a cake-shop and a library—and an article in a keepsake found during a period of convalescence, pressed her into the swelling ranks of the S.T.'s. And she grew up to discover in the Rhine "the prints and cheap oil-pictures of her childhood"; to apostrophise Goethe's house in platitudes; to comfort herself after with coffee and apple-cake on the terrace of "the dear rococo Schlösschen of Belvedere"; to receive "close-packed like our own brain-cells, distilled and warm like our own heart's blood, the value of all Mozart's songs and quartets and symphonies in one battered, tarnished button off his waistcoat"! Her "yellowing trees," "pale russet fagots," "pale, pure heavens," the "wonderfulness



TRAP FOR FOX OR MARTEN: WHEN SET IT IS COVERED ON THE TOP WITH SPRUCE.



TRAP FOR LYNX: TO REACH THE BAIT THE LYNX MUST PLACE ITS FORE-PAWS ON THE TRAP.

of this generation, "less witty, but more understanding," the journey and its impressions are continued! Where then, my dear countrywomen, are you wandering?



NET OTTER-TRAP.

art, suggestiveness, the metaphor, art for art's sake" ... and he, we are told, the first of all Sentimental Travellers, would not have understood a word of it! It was his inn, they remembered it after, where probably he engaged La Fleur, and they were glad to have missed thinking of his ghost, for otherwise "common politeness



THE MID-DAY SLEEP ON THE LAKE EDGE.

by Stevenson quotations, and the same may be said of the letterpress.

"Granada and the Alhambra" (Grant Richards) is frankly a guide-book: a short, restrained account of the

Moorish occupation, the building and decoration of the "Red Castle," with the ultimate Catholic victory signalled by Cardinal Mendoza's silver cross over the watch-tower of the palace. With so fantastic a dream as the Alhambra, Sydenham or South Kensington or Mr. Calvert can do little except fire the imagination. Like jewels or flowers, it must always be a beautiful motif for writing. Pink pavilions, reflected in myrtle dark pools; a roof made of a star; songs of fountains and nightingales; and, over all, the geometrician's compass, achieving effects as vague and vast as the Milky Way; Mr. Calvert has kept his senses in this Arabian Night phantasy, and made a concise and useful little book, illustrated by plans, maps, and nearly five hundred reproductions of photographs and sketches.



A SIMPLE SNARE FOR THE VARRING HARE: A HUMANE FORM OF TRAP WHICH SHOULD BE ADOPTED IN GREAT BRITAIN.



HARBINGERS OF WINTER.

would then have kept the talk on mileage and postillions, the partridge and the omelette." For us of this generation, "less witty, but more understanding," the journey and its impressions are continued! Where then, my dear countrywomen, are you wandering?



NO DINNER TO-DAY: MASTER REYNARD MISSES HIS MEAL BY AN ACE.



A DREAM OF HOWLEY BY ONE WHO HAS NEVER BEEN THERE.



CURIOUS ATTITUDE MAINTAINED FOR MANY HOURS EACH DAY BY THE HERD STAG DURING THE BREEDING SEASON.



# CAN ANIMALS REASON? SOME CURIOUS PROOFS THAT THEY DO.



1. THE HERON WHICH DISTINGUISHED SHADOW FROM SUBSTANCE.

This bihoreau, a species of heron, saw in the glass the reflection of a spot on its wing. It immediately pressed its beak on the actual spot, and did not try to touch it in the reflection. The inference is that it distinguished between substance and shadow.

2. THE CAT WITH A SENSE OF COLOUR.

This cat was accustomed to drink out of a glass of a certain colour. When other glasses of the same shape but of different colours were laid down before it, it chose immediately the one with which it was familiar.

3. THE WATER-RAT WHICH FOUND ITS WAY WITH ITS EYES BANDAGED.

The rat is supposed to have had a sense of humidity which brought him back to his pool although he was blindfolded.

4. A LITTLE STORK THAT OPENS THE DOOR OF THE CUPBOARD CONTAINING ITS FOOD.

5. A LITTLE DOG AS A TRICK RIDER ON AN EMU.

6. THE ORNITHORYNCHUS AS A CONCIERGE.

The ornithorynchus was quite easily taught to open the door of its cage with a cord.

7. A CRANE THAT WAKES A DALMATIAN WHEN HE HAS OVERSLEPT HIMSELF.

8. AN ARMADILLO THAT OPENS A BOX TO FIND EGGS.

9. A TAPIR WITH A GOOD MEMORY.

One day the tapir ate ants from a vessel shaped like a funnel. A month afterwards he saw the thing at a distance. He made for it, dragging his keeper after him by his chain, and searched the vessel once more with his long tongue, in the hope of finding ants.





## AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

ANDREW LANG ON VAGARIES OF LANGUAGE  
AND A CAVALIER SONG.

BURNS wished that some power would  
the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as others see us

(If this citation from memory be incorrect, Burnsites  
from all parts of the globe need not write to me to



"HEEDLESS OF GRAMMAR, THEY ALL CRIED, 'THAT'S HIM.'"  
From "The Jackdaw of Rheims."

chastise my inaccuracy.) The Americans are that  
power.

Thus, in *Putnam's Magazine*, Miss Carolyn  
Wells, who lets us know that she has been staying  
at some large and lavish country house in England,  
says that "the delightful small talk of English  
society is spiced here and there by their dreadful  
expletive, "My word!"

*Ma foi*, is it really spiced by that dreadful ex-  
pletive? "Shucks!" Also "Do tell!" "Is that  
so?" My ignorance of English society is doubtless  
exhaustive, and "My word!" (about which I see



"THESE STILES SADLY BOTHERED ODILLE."  
From "The Lay of St. Odille."



LADY WANTAGE.

Who is writing a biography of the late Lord Wantage.

nothing "dreadful") may have come into vogue, but I only  
know the expletive in Kailyard novels, and I think I have  
heard it used by ancient Scottish females long ago.

The same lady is severe on our "toy trains," but we  
have not, so far, a record of accident this year from  
which 75,000 passengers "retired hurt." The figures for  
America are startling and, I hope, erroneous; my authority  
is only that of a daily penny paper.

A correspondent asks me for information about an old  
Cavalier song, in which a farmer finds three saddled horses  
in his stable. His wife, who is concealing three fugitive  
Cavaliers, answers—

"Blind buzzard, black beetle,  
Canst thou not see  
These be three milking-cows my  
Mother sent to me!"

Her husband answers—

"Odd's bobs, here 's fun,  
Milking-cows with saddles on!  
The like was never seen!"



"WHO STOLE THE TARTS?"

One of Arthur Rackham's drawings for "Alice in Wonderland."

## THE VOGUE OF ARTHUR RACKHAM.

His illustrations to "THE INGOLDSPY LEGENDS" AND TO  
"ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

The reproductions from "The Ingoldspy Legends" are by permission the  
publishers, Messrs. Duck; the illustration from "Alice in Wonderland" is  
by permission of the publisher, Mr. Heinemann.

The song is prolonged in the same style. The six jack-  
boots are milking-pails. "Milking-pails with spurs on!"  
The Cavaliers are "milkmaids with beards on."

I do not know the Cavalier song, though a ballad  
on the Drummer of Tedworth (about 1662) has the chorus  
"The like was never seen." But there is an old Scottish  
song, which I quote from memory—

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,  
And hame cam' he,  
And there he saw a man's sword  
Where nae sword should be.  
"Wha's sword?" quo' he,  
"A sword!" quo' she.  
"Ye auld blind doiting carle,  
And blinder mote ye be!  
It's but an auld parritch spurtle  
My mother sent to me!"

The Goodman replies—

Muckle hae I ridden,  
And far hae I gaen,  
But silver hilts on porridge-sticks  
Saw I never nane!

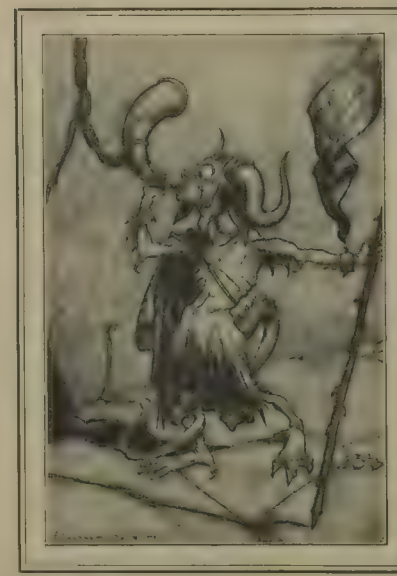
The song runs on in the same style, but in the  
Scots version there is only one gentleman, not  
three proscribed Cavaliers, and the gentleman, of  
course, is the lover of the goodwife.

The Scots version is a rhymed *fabliau* of the  
guileless deceived husband. The English version



"A GRAND PAS DE DEUX, PERFORMED IN THE  
VERY FIRST STYLE BY THESE TWO."  
From "The House-Warming."

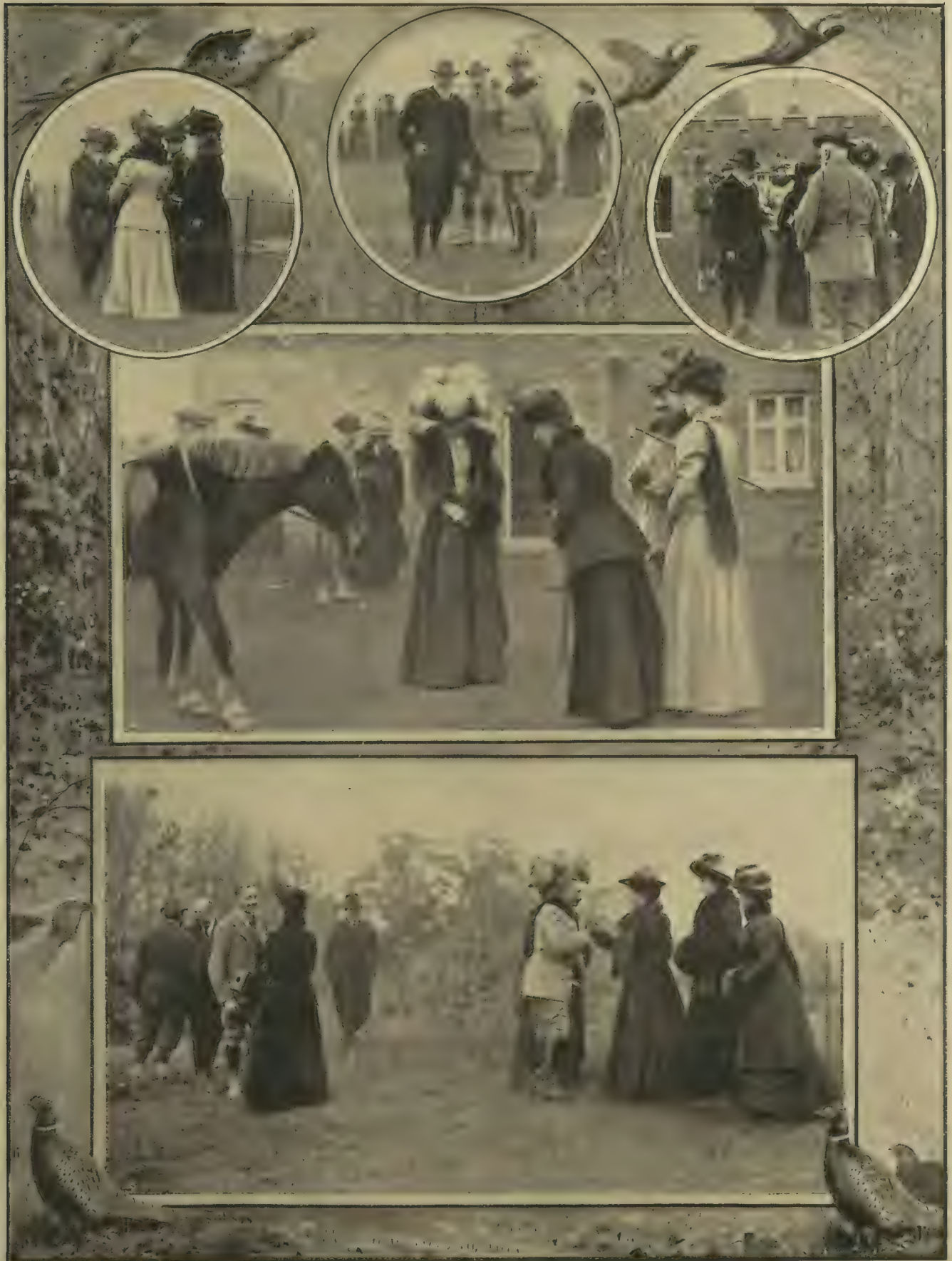
evades the impropriety, and appears to hint that  
the farmer, a Roundhead by profession, is anxious  
not to detect the ill-concealed Cavaliers. On the  
whole, I think that the English song, however old  
it may be, is a cleverly Bowdlerised version of  
the Scots ditty. The three plumed hats of the Cava-  
liers are explained by the wife as "three clucking  
hens my mother sent to me." I do not remember  
the hat and clucking hen in the Scots song. The  
English ditty may be well known, but I cannot  
say where it is to be found in print in the vast  
mass of jingles and ballads of the Great Rebellion.



"THE HORN AT THE GATE OF THE BARBICAN TOWER  
WAS BLOWN WITH A LOUD TWENTY-TRUMPETER POWER."  
From "The Lay of St. Cuthbert."



# ROYAL SPORT AT WINDSOR: THE KING'S SHOOTING-PARTY FOR THE GERMAN EMPEROR.



1. THE KING GREETING HIS LADY VISITORS.

2. THE KING, THE KAISER, AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

3. AFTER THE SHOOT: THE KING, THE KAISER, AND PRINCE CHRISTIAN

4. THE ROYAL SHOOTING-PARTY AT WINDSOR: PRINCESS VICTORIA, THE KAISER, THE QUEEN, THE GERMAN EMPRESS, AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

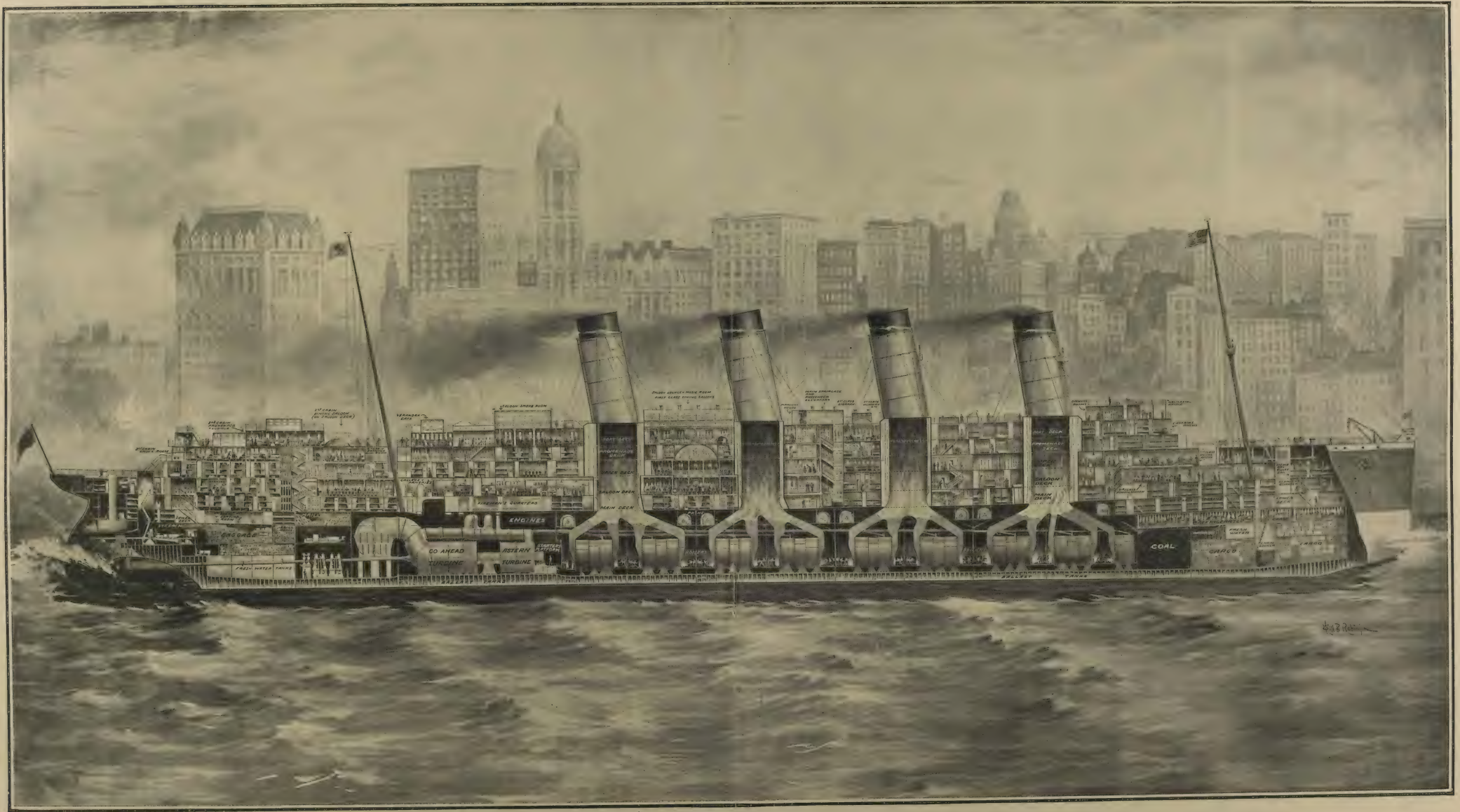
5. THE KAISER GREETING LADY VISITORS.

The Kaiser enjoyed excellent sport in the Windsor coverts, and his Imperial Majesty, with the King and the Prince of Wales, kept their loaders very busy. The coverts shot over were those of Flemish Farm and Cranbourne Tower. Seven hundred birds fell to the Kaiser's gun in one day. The royal ladies joined the party for luncheon.—(PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOLAK.



# A WONDERFUL CITY ON THE SEAS: INSIDE THE RECORD LINERS OF THE CUNARD COMPANY.

DRAWN BY WILL B. ROBINSON, FROM DESIGNS SUPPLIED BY THE CUNARD COMPANY.



## THE VAST INTERNAL ORGANISATION OF THE "MAURETANIA" AND THE "LUSITANIA."

The internal arrangements of the "Mauretania" and the "Lusitania," the vast floating cities of the Cunard Line, are practically the same, and our diagram answers for both vessels. The drawing explains itself, but it is well to note that the grand saloon is not really interrupted by the funnels, although the necessities of a sectional plan give that impression. The boilers, too, are three deep, side by side, and the coal-bunkers extend right along them fore and aft on the port and starboard. The coal is fed to each furnace through trap-doors opening into the bunkers. Our picture gives an excellent idea of the vast organisation of these ships. In the background is New York City with its sky-scrapers.



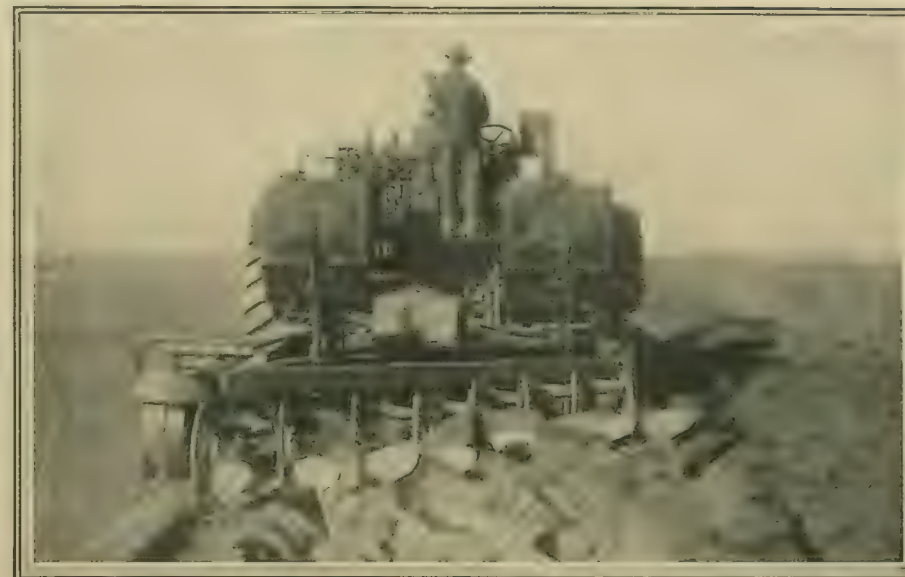
# REMARKABLE THINGS IN RECENT HISTORY ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA.



*Photo. Shipstone.*

**AEROPLANE AND WAR-SHIP: THE LUDLOW FLYING-MACHINE.**

The flying-machine was built by Mr. Israel Ludlow at the Aeronautical Building in the Jamestown Exhibition. The United States Government has placed a torpedo-boat at the inventor's disposal, in order to tow the machine, which floats on pontoons.



*Photo. "Leslie's Weekly."*

**A STEAM-PLOUGH IN THE ARKANSAS VALLEY: SEVEN FURROWS AT A TIME.**

The Arkansas Valley is being reclaimed by means of irrigation, and it is intended to raise beet for sugar. Last year 7400 acres of beet were cultivated. This year the yield was double that figure. The latest agricultural machinery is being used.



**WHERE THE WEDDING TOOK PLACE: THE CHAPEL AT WOOD NORTON.**



*Photos. Vandyk.*

**THE DINING-ROOM ERECTED FOR THE BANQUET AT WOOD NORTON.**

## BUILDINGS SPECIALLY ERECTED FOR A ROYAL WEDDING: THE CHAPEL AND BANQUETING-HALL FOR THE BOURBON-ORLÉANS MARRIAGE.

The chapel, which the Duke of Orléans erected for his sister's wedding, was in the Byzantine style. The apse was decorated with figures of saints painted in a gold mosaic background; the altar was of marble and alabaster and was illuminated by the orthodox number of candles. The banquetting-hall, also specially erected, measured about eighty feet by forty. It was decorated in the Louis XVI. style.



# THE ROYAL STATE OF THE FRENCH MONARCHY REVIVED IN ENGLAND:

## THE BOURBON-ORLÉANS WEDDING AT WOOD NORTON.

Duke of Orléans.

Bishop.



Queen of Spain.

King of Spain.

Bridegroom.

Bride. Queen of Portugal.

Father d'Armaillacq.

### THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE CHARLES OF BOURBON AND PRINCESS LOUISE OF FRANCE: THE SCENE DURING THE WEDDING.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT WOOD NORTON.

On November 16 the marriage of Prince Charles of Bourbon with Princess Louise of France was celebrated at Wood Norton, in Worcestershire, the residence of the Duke of Orléans, the bride's brother. The marriage was celebrated in a chapel erected for the occasion. The officiating prelate was the Bishop of Birmingham, and among the guests were the King and Queen of Spain, the Queen of Portugal, sister of the bride, and many of the representatives of the old nobility of France. An eloquent address was delivered to the Prince and Princess by Father d'Armaillacq, the Jesuit priest, who celebrated Mass. The Bishop of Birmingham pronounced the Papal Benediction.



# THE KAISER'S DECORATION FOR THE PRINCESS OF WALES, AND OTHER ORDERS FOR WOMEN.



THE LOUISE ORDER RECENTLY BESTOWED ON THE PRINCESS OF WALES, AND OTHER DECORATIONS GIVEN TO WOMEN.

Among the decorations bestowed by the Kaiser during his visit was the Order of Louise, which his Imperial and Royal Majesty gave to the Princess of Wales and to the Duchess of Argyll. Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Russia, Spain, Portugal, and Turkey have all Orders reserved for women alone, and these are illustrated on this page.



## A PAGE OF ARCHITECTURAL AND ENGINEERING CURIOSITIES.



1. HO-KO-NA, THE WOMEN'S BUILDING.  
4. THE CENTRAL HEATING PLANT.

3. THE PRESIDENT'S RESIDENCE.

2. THE ANCIENT PUEBLO AT TAOS IN NORTHERN MEXICO.  
5. KWA-TA-KA, THE MEN'S DORMITORY.

### ANCIENT INDIAN ARCHITECTURE FOR A MODERN MEXICAN UNIVERSITY: THE PUEBLO RESTORED.

On the Campus of the University of New Mexico, in Albuquerque, are two quaint college buildings, the beginning of a group that is to revive the ancient Indian Pueblo. The model for the college is the prehistoric town of Sikyaki, perhaps the oldest of the communal towns in Northern Arizona. The women's dormitory is called "Ho-ko-na," meaning "the butterfly," the Sikyaki symbol for "maiden"; the men's dormitory is called "Kwa-ta-ka," which means "man eagle," after a legendary monster which lived in the sky, and harried the people of Sikyaki until their war god killed it. The University Pueblo will present the semi-pyramidal effect of the Pueblo at Taos. —[PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE "WORLD'S WORK."]



1. THE FOUNDATION OF THE STATION LAID BARE AFTER THE BUILDING WAS REMOVED  
3. THE BUILDING RAISED FOUR FEET ON SCREW-JACKS IN ORDER TO BE REMOVED.

2. THE DAM STATION AT ANTWERP BEFORE IT WAS REMOVED.  
4. THE STATION AS IT ARRIVED AT ITS DESTINATION.

### MOVING A RAILWAY STATION BODILY: A GREAT ENGINEERING FEAT AT ANTWERP.

The Dam station at Antwerp has been removed bodily to a distance of forty yards in order to save the expense of building a new station. The structure was under-pinned, and was jacked up with screws to the height of about four feet. A carriage on wheels was then provided, and this gradually pushed forward on the American plan, with horizontal screw-jacks, to which an army of workmen gave successive impulses on a given signal. The removal occupied five months.



# CURIOSITIES SEEN THROUGH THE CAMERA: A MUSEUM OF MARVELS.



A GIGANTIC LIZARD CARVED BY AZTECS.

*Photo, Leslie's Weekly.*

The figure is one of the most curious survivals of Aztec sculpture. A huge monolith in Mexico was carved into this grotesque form by the ancient inhabitants of the country.



*Photo, Halfpence.*

DOGS AS SANDWICHMEN: A LONDON IDEA COPIED IN BERLIN.

The idea of using dogs as sandwichmen originated in South London, and has been copied in Berlin. In that city there is an agent who trains the dogs, and sells them or lets them out



THE CANOE-TREE: A FALLEN MONARCH OF THE FOREST.

The curious tree in the photograph is the Kapok, which has a peculiarly ribbed trunk. It is used for making canoes.



*Photo, Topical.*

A UNIQUE BRIDGE MADE OF A STEEL WATER-PIPE.

The bridge is over Sudbury River, in Massachusetts. The pipe carries the water supply for a Boston suburb.



THE NEW CHRISTIANBORG PALACE.

THE REBUILDING OF THE CHRISTIANBORG PALACE IN COPENHAGEN, WHICH HAS LAIN IN RUINS FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS.

The Christianborg Palace in Copenhagen was burnt down more than twenty years ago. At the time of its destruction the country was too poor to rebuild it, but Denmark is now prosperous enough to begin the work of reconstruction.



*Photos, Kalkar.*

THE RUINS OF THE CHRISTIANBORG PALACE.



TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO FLOWERS ON A CHRYSANTHEMUM PLANT.

This magnificent plant was exhibited at the Paris Chrysanthemum Show. The exhibits were of exceptional size. One plant was nine feet in diameter.



*Photo, "Leslie's Weekly."*

A FAMOUS NEW YORK STATION TO BE PULLED DOWN.

The Grand Central Station in New York is to be demolished to make room for great extensions of the New York Central Railroad.



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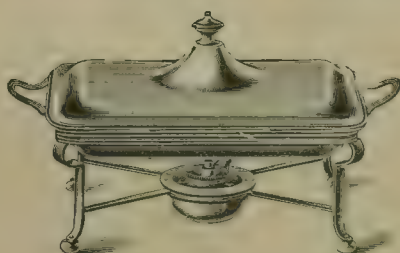
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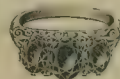
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Mention "Illustrated London News."

**62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.**

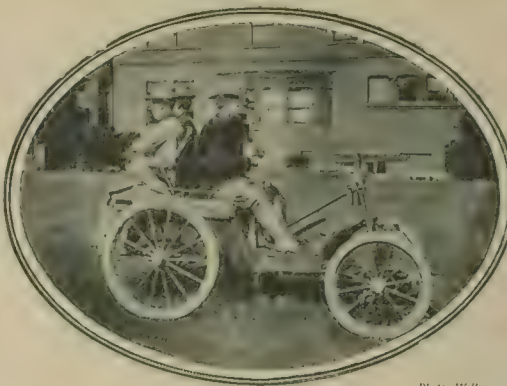


## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

TIME sufficient has now elapsed to enable something like a clear idea to be formed of the whole effect and purpose of the great Show at Olympia. Speaking without actual statistics at hand, but merely from daily observation and contrast with the shows of yesteryear, it is, I think, quite certain that public interest in automobiles has gained much ground during the past year. The majority of the visitors to Olympia during the past few days gathered round the exhibits and discuss mechanical details just as we were all surprised to hear the French spectators at the Salon converse three, four, and even five years ago. Strokes and bores, automatic valves, throttles, gearing, live axles—the words are in the mouths of visitors on all sides, and show how widely something more than a superficial knowledge of automobile mechanism has spread abroad. Nor is the lair sex exempt, for they are to be found upon the stands just as keen and just as knowledgeable as their sterner companions.

It is interesting to mark the general tendencies of automobile design by the light of the numerous exhibits displayed at West Kensington. Nowhere do we find, however, any sign of a great cleavage; improvements and departures, if they may be termed departures, are all in detail. For instance, six-cylinder engines this year appear in quite low powers, a 10-12-h.p. sixer being found upon one stand. There is a distinct tendency to indulge more frequently in the *moteur bloc* principle—that is, to cast all the cylinders together, whatever their number. This, I think, was first done by the Ariel Motor Company, Limited, who showed a six-cylinder engine so cast at one of the latest of the Crystal Palace shows. To-day the *bloc* method does not exceed three and four cylinders. Valves, valve-chambers, and consequently one cam-shaft, are more than ever *de règle*, and, though this method gives an unequal casting, it has undoubted advantages in reducing the pocket capacity and simplifying the engine.

The Maudslay example of an overhead cam-shaft is not very widely followed, although it is eminently convenient, but the extra cost acts as a deterrent. One



Photo, Willey.

## A MOTOR-CAR FOR A QUICK-FIRING GUN.

The automobile is an American invention. The gun can be fired while the car is running at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour.



[Photo Tropical.]

## THE OLD AND THE NEW WAY OF INFLATING TYRES: FRENCH POLITICIANS EXPERIMENTING WITH THE TWO METHODS.

In order to save the labour of inflating tyres with the air-pump, the Michelin Company have invented what is known as the Michelin bottle, which inflates tyres without mechanical effort. In the photograph, M. Jaurès is represented worn out with the use of the air-pump, while M. Clemenceau sits at ease with the Michelin bottle in his hand while the tyres of his car are automatically inflated.

engine, the new trunk-like Lanchester, has the cam-shaft directly under the crank-shaft on the vertical plane, and when this comes to one's notice, one wonders why it has not been done before. It gives a remarkably compact engine. So far as engine-lubrication goes, it is becoming quite general to adopt marine practice, and fit forced feed devices, in the shape of oil-pumps of one sort or another; but few, as yet, go the whole hog and drive the oil to the bearings through ducts drilled on the crank-shaft, crank-cheeks, crank-pins, and connecting rods. Gear drive for water-pumps and magneto has become much more general. Indeed, both magneto and pump are frequently found driven off one gear-wheel. The practice of setting the magneto-cam-pump-shaft across the forward end of the engine is growing in favour. It makes for great accessibility.

There is really but little to note of novelty in carburettors, save that the spring-controlled air-valve shows some signs of being superseded by a hand-controlled air-inlet, and in one case particularly the range of petrol-feed is permitted control from the dashboard. These refinements give an opportunity for a more intelligent employment of the carburetter. In change speed-gears there is really little to chronicle beyond here and there the adoption of direct drive upon third and geared drive upon fourth speeds, an arrangement which was a particular feature upon the earliest Rolls-Royce Tourist Trophy cars. In one or two cases both third and fourth speeds are direct as between the engine and countershaft. There are but few attempts to obtain a stationary secondary gear-shaft with direct drives.

Live axle as opposed to chain-drive is still gaining ground, but the something like a brake on this progress is found in the adoption of chain-cases, used frequently, too, as radius-rods by the chain-drive devotees. Another feature unnoticed in previous shows is the adaptation of the propeller-shaft casing to the duties of a torque-rod. On the other hand, we find two or three firms abandoning torque-rods and radius-rods altogether, and allowing the duties of both members to devolve upon the side-springs. One that is considered as among the most up-to-date designers has followed the practice.

## Hotels Bucher - Durrer.

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Fine Building situated in the healthiest part of Rome, in the Via Nazionale, the finest street of the Eternal City. Private Garden looking South. Apartments with Bath. Hot-water Pipes in all Rooms. Splendid Winter Garden. Lifts. Restaurant Français.

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# Found at last!! The Lost Chord

Only once in a hundred years or so comes a creation of such striking importance as this.

What the Lost Chord was to the Musician the New Double Broad Cut of Craven Mixture is to the pipe-smoker. BUT, it is not elusive—you can reproduce it with every pipe. It is an interesting story. Will you read it? Here it is:—

You must have noticed that your pipe mixture does not *always* behave its best—does not *always* give you a smoke equal to one particular pipeful which you remember because it was so good that it lingers in your memory like a chord of music.

Indeed, what the Lost Chord was to the musician that pipe of mixture was to you—something which pleased your senses of taste and smell so truly that you would give almost anything to have it come back to you.

Surely there is not a pipe smoker who does not know exactly what we mean—who has not experienced that delicious pipe, and who has not also experienced the frequent failing of his favourite mixture to give it again and again. Are we right?

May we tell you the reason, and may we also tell you HOW to get that delicious pipe every time?

The fault of most mixtures to-day is that although they leave the factory blended in the exact proportions intended by the blender—the proportions which yield the very best of which the tobacco is capable—those proportions BECOME DERANGED.

DERANGEMENT is unavoidable in most mixtures, because the heavier parts of the mixture filter down to the bottom of the tin. You have to frequently empty the tin and lightly re-mix the tobacco before smoking. This gets over the trouble somewhat, but it is far from satisfactory, besides being inconvenient.

And if you use a pouch the trouble is worse. When you get to the bottom of the pouch you find small pieces of tobacco there which should have been smoked in previous pipes to give you the flavour intended by the blender.

No manufacturer has yet had the courage to tell you the truth so frankly. But it IS the truth, and with all modesty Carreras claim to have invented a method of cutting

and mixing tobacco which ensures every pipeful being perfect.

That tobacco is the new DOUBLE BROAD CUT of CRAVEN MIXTURE.

The moment you open the tin you see the natural tobacco in large pieces absolutely free from stalk. The tobacco is cut in such a way that the weight of the different particles is practically the same. This evenness of weight and cut is of *very great importance indeed*, because it ensures all the different tobaccos in the mixture getting into the pipe in the precise and correct proportions intended by the blender. The tobacco CANNOT become deranged—no matter how long the tin is kept, no matter how much the pouch is knocked about. Consequently in the Broad Cut Mixture you get the flavour of Craven Mixture in all its delicacy, richness and charm.

When you light your pipe, light it well and you will find the Double Broad Cut allows the air to pass through the tobacco as easily as through a dry sponge. The smoke reaches your mouth filtered of all its heat. However tightly you pack the pipe it will draw freely and with a delicious coolness, because the tobacco cannot possibly form into lumps, which you frequently get in a pipeful of most Fine Cut Mixtures, where the solid mass interferes with the drawing and often smokes hot—you must have noticed that time after time.

Craven Double Broad Cut smokes pure and sweet to the bottom of the bowl and leaves a minimum of ash—the last puff is the sweetest. It realises the smoker's ideal—perfect combustion.

The combustion is so perfect that Craven Mixture in Double Broad Cut at 7½d. per ounce actually goes *twice as far* as any other Mixture. Consequently, Craven Double Broad Cut, with its exquisite aroma and delicious taste is actually as cheap in use as Mixtures at half the price.

In Craven Double Broad Cut there are *no smalls, no shorts, no dust*—that is a big economical point, too.

## A Free Sample

We invite you to test Craven Double Broad Cut. On receipt of your private or business card we will send, post paid, a factory sample sufficient for two pipefuls. Factory address: Carreras, Ltd., St. James' Place, London, W. C. Please mention this paper.

## Your Tobacconist

can supply Craven Double Broad Cut in all the usual size tins. If you have any difficulty, our West-end Depot, Carreras, Ltd., 7, Wardour Street, London, W., will be pleased to send tins direct as follows:

2-oz. tins ..	1/3	ALL POST FREE.
4-oz. " ..	2/6	
8-oz. " ..	5/6	
16-oz. " ..	10/-	

# Craven

## Double Broad Cut

(REGISTERED)  
All tins of the new Double Broad Cut will bear a white label on the back of the tin, thus:

**Double Broad Cut**  
(See explanatory leaflet under upper lid.)

Tins of Craven which do not bear that label will, of course, contain the usual packing, viz., Fine Cut.

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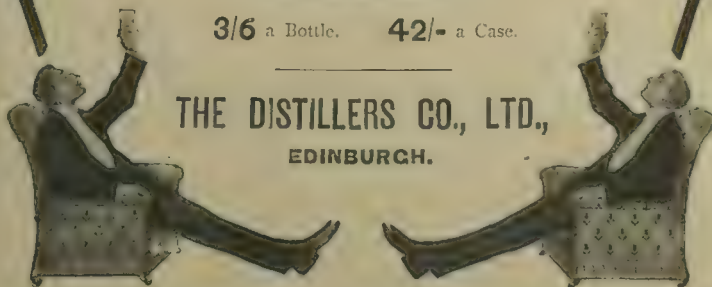
CAMBUS was the whisky of yesterday, because its reputation for unsurpassable daintiness and charm of flavour has been maintained for fifty years.

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There is one feature of the good models that is quite a note of the present season, and that is the degree to which a coarse filet lace trimming is used. For evening wear, whether on actual gowns or on the smart blouses that serve for quiet dinners in country-houses or for restaurant-parties in town, the filet net is usually embroidered. To prepare such a piece of trimming is a pleasant drawing-room occupation. The filet net groundwork, which is machine-made, is purchased, and to be fashionable it should be chosen in a square design; there is a great fancy for the square in outline just now. Then the pattern is worked on it with lace-thread by counting the threads of the filet, just like our grandmothers used to embroider on their own netting for borders to curtains. The lace can then, if liked, be further decorated by picking out the design in coloured silks, and flowers and leaves can be outlined with chenille worked over thin wire.—FILIPPO.

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Our Cabinets contain several exclusive advantages, and embrace every desirable feature. No others are so safe or give such entire satisfaction. The following are some of their exclusive advantages—

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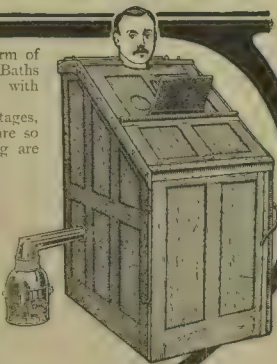
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Bishop of London is planning a visit to some of the chaplaincies in Russia next year.

It was stated at a meeting held at Norwich on Nov. 13 to arrange for the disposal of the surplus remaining, after paying the expenses of the Church Congress at Great Yarmouth, that the total revenue was £907, while the expenditure was £834. The surplus of £73 will be applied to the fund for the structural work which is being carried on at St. James's Church, Great Yarmouth.

At the annual meeting of Cambridge House, Camberwell, on Nov. 13, the Rev. W. J. Conybeare, head of the House, said that a satisfactory point was the increased number of Cambridge men working with them at the present time, and the variety of the colleges from which they came. Cambridge House had been identified in people's minds for some time as being peculiarly connected with Trinity College, but he believed it was now gradually becoming recognised as a University settlement, and worthy of its name.

Both the Rev. the Hon. Reginald Adderley and his younger brother spoke at the meeting of the Birmingham Diocesan Conference last week, when the subject of evangelistic work in the diocese was discussed. Canon Denton Thompson said the percentage of communicants to the population in the diocese of Birmingham was only 3.65. Mr. Reginald Adderley declared it was the daily respectability of better-class congregations which more than anything else was keeping the Church of England out of touch with the people. Mr. James Adderley expressed



A POPULAR WINTER SEA-SIDE RESORT: EASTBOURNE.

The popularity of Eastbourne as a sea-side resort has long been established, and the town is coming more and more into favour as a winter resort. Its situation and its equipment recommend it particularly for all who are in search of health.

the view that evangelistic work should be directed chiefly to the rich and upper classes—and secondly to the Socialists.

The Rev. F. E. Murphy has been in the habit of taking one mission a year, if asked to do so, and he has not allowed his recent settlement as Vicar of St. Matthew's, Bayswater, to make any difference. This month he has visited St. Mark's, Wolverhampton, to take part in a mission held throughout the city, from the 9th to the 19th.

Lord Kinnaird presided last week at a meeting in the Caxton Hall, Westminster, addressed by five missionaries from the New Hebrides. Among them was the Rev. Frank Paton, son of the famous Dr. J. G. Paton. The accounts they gave of the way in which Christianity had transformed degraded savages into men and women of splendid character, explained the wonderful fascination which kept the veteran "Apostle of the New Hebrides" at his work to the very last.

Nearly two hundred clergy from all parts of the kingdom assembled last week at Hereford for the autumn conference of the Federation of Junior Clergy Missionary Associations in connection with the S.P.G.—V.

The Grosvenor Hotel's new refreshment-rooms at Victoria Station were opened to the public on the 19th inst. They are situated on the west side of Victoria Station (London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway), adjoining the Grosvenor Hotel, with entrances from the main line departure platform and the main booking-hall. A theatre supper will be served at the popular price of two shillings, which should prove very attractive to the numerous playgoers on the Brighton line. The entire constructional work of these new and handsome refreshment-rooms has been carried out by Messrs. John Mowlem and Co., Limited, and the catering is under the direct supervision of the management of the Grosvenor Hotel.



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This vessel, which is a sort of floating bridge or inverted floating dock, is intended to raise a sunken submarine with the least possible delay. It carries cranes constructed to lift 500 tons. When the submarine has been made fast to the dock, the sunken vessel will be hauled to the surface.

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# TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

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Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.  
 Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.  
 Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.  
 Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.  
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 So Vivifying after Cricket, Motoring and other Sports.

PRICE 1/- PER BOTTLE. OF ALL GROCERS, CHEMISTS, &c.



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*Been 6 months at use & it is a great help in the matter of feeding.*

**A Good Start in Life.**

Mothers should early realize how essential good health is for the success of their child in after life. A badly nourished baby generally means an undersized child, wanting in stamina and vigour. If unable to nurse your baby, you must give the substitute that most closely resembles human milk. No farinaceous or starchy food or unmodified cow's milk is permissible to a child under 6 or 7 months of age. The "Allenburys' Milk Foods are so prepared as to remove the difference between cow's milk and human milk, and they are as easy of digestion as the natural food of the child.

The "Allenburys' Foods are alike suitable for the delicate and robust, and when used as directed, form the best means of rearing a child by hand. The No. 1 Milk Food may be given alternately with the mother's milk without fear of upsetting the child or causing digestive disturbance. The dreaded process of weaning is thus made easy and comfortable both to the mother and child.

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Prevents the Hair from falling off.  
 Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.  
 Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.  
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Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR

**THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER**

Price 3s. 6d. per Bottle.

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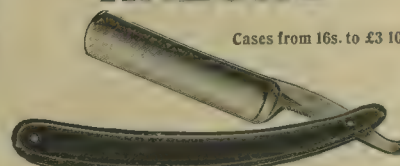
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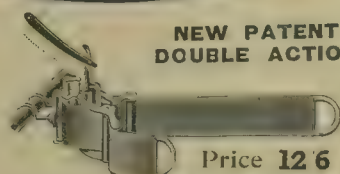
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Steel Razors, Table  
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and Pocket Knives,  
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**NEW PATENT  
DOUBLE ACTION**



**Stropping**

**Machine.**

Price 12/6

For Ordinary, or Safety Razors.

**WILKINSON'S PATENT SAFETY SHAVERS.**

Single Shaver in Case, 8s. 6d.; Shaver and Two Extra Blades, in Leather Case, £1; Shaver with Four Extra Blades, £1 7s. 6d. Shaver with Six Extra Blades, £1 15s.

By return of post on receipt of P.O.O. to any Cutler, Hairdresser, Silversmith, Stores, &c.

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**WILKINSON SWORD CO., LD.** (Dep. L), 27, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.



## FROM THE BOOKSHELF.

MR. Lavard has much confidence in the interest of his subject, and for this we owe him cordial thanks. We may not think Shirley Brooks to have been "A Great Punch Editor" (Pitman), nor even allow greatness to be predicable of any Punch editor as such; but every honourable reader respects the honourable author who respects his subject, even to reverence. And then Mr. Lavard's admiration for Shirley Brooks is so sincere that he discriminates, criticises, rejects among his hero's works and opinions, and does so justly, as well as eagerly. The book, therefore, that we take up with an inclination to smile or to be wearied we keep in our hands with a very cordial pleasure. And that pleasure is not due only to the fact that Shirley Brooks knew everybody in the 'fifties, 'sixties, and 'seventies, and has welcome little things to record of many; we learn to take a hearty interest in the private man we read of, and in "the 3." These were the wife and two sons for whom he worked, living and dying, for he died with a Punch proof and an epigram in his hand. His novels are negligible, his poetry only better than Tom Taylor's execrable blank verse solemnly published in the same comic paper, but one recorded kiss, two recorded affectionate words, from a cold wife make an impression on the reader's real sensibility.

"A History of Milan under the Sforza," by Cecilia M. Ady (Methuen) is adorned by Sforza profiles; and, happily, we have abundance of these extraordinarily interesting and characteristic documents, from the splendid doorway medallion, used here as a frontispiece, to the medal, or the fresco, where a Sforza kneels

in profile in the donor's corner, besides the full-faces of a great school of portraiture. Miss Ady avers that her book cannot be reproached with superfluity—

While Rome, Florence, and Venice have each found English historians, and while fresh books on Renaissance Italy appear every day, no English writer has told the history of the Sforza as a whole. The scant attention which has been given to the history of Milan may be compared with the brief visit which the

is uninteresting; whereas it has, besides most beautiful by-streets, the monuments of its great history in the shape of the most perfect early-medieval architecture in all Italy. The Dark Ages ended at Milan, and its early Christianity makes the late and thin and un-Italian Gothic of its cathedral the more irritating. Miss Ady's is an important historical work to which a brief notice can, of course, do no critical justice. It

begins with the birth of the founder of the House of Sforza in 1369, and closes with the end of Milan as a State after the battle of Magenta in 1859, when the Lombard city was gathered into the Kingdom of Italy.

Rodin is again celebrated, this time in a small volume by Mr. Lawton (Grant Richards), who is, needless to say, an admirer, fighting with unabated enthusiasm that old battle between Goth and Classic of which some of us grow so weary. A swift glance at the beginnings of French sculpture leads to Rodin's youth and early manhood. Beauvais, his school town and its cathedral, the influence of that wonderful Gothic on his mind, are put down in due order, and, later, the hackwork in other men's studios, resulting surely and inevitably in that personal expression which is the birthright of the strong. And it is impossible to turn even these small pages, where such work as "The Kiss" and "Eternal Spring" are pictured, without being impressed by the vitality that conceived them. Rodin finds, as his biographer says, everything

beautiful that is natural, and if we are not prepared to add that all these things of his must therefore be a joy for ever, they will, at least, be a force. There are sufficient struggles and disappointments to make his life stimulating reading.



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traveller pays to the capital of Lombardy before he passes on to other Italian cities.

It is indeed common enough to hear the tourist, whose eye is naturally shocked by the hideous modernisms that ruin the beauty of the central city, exclaim that Milan

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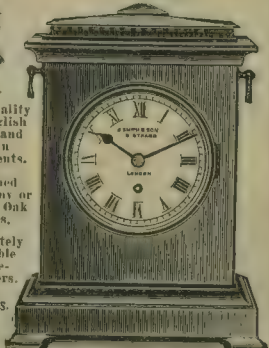
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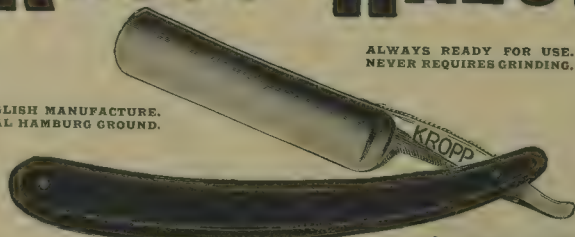
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

**THE** will (dated July 11, 1906), with a codicil, of **MRS. GERTRUDE AGATHA HODGSON**, of the Manor House, Haslemere, who died on Sept. 17, was proved on Nov. 7 by Miss Florence Mary Forsyth, the sister, Francis Wentworth Kirkman Hodgson, and Arthur Campbell Wade, the amount of the property being £217,398. Mrs. Hodgson gives £20,000 in trust for her son-in-law, the Earl of Altamont; the Manor House estate and other property at Haslemere to her daughter Agatha Lady Altamont for life, and then for her eldest son; £2000 each to Cecil Jane Lambert, Mary Edith Fitzgerald, Sylvia Fitzgerald, Douglas F. Glennie, Jean Julianna Forsyth, Hazeldean Forsyth, and to each of her grandchildren; No. 3, Hill Street, and furniture, to her daughter, Mrs. Ruth Hawkshaw, and other legacies to relatives and servants. All other her estate and effects she leaves to her daughters.

The will (dated Sept. 3, 1904) of **MR. JOHN CAPEL PHILLIPS**, of the Heath House, Checkley, Staffordshire, who died on Sept. 18, was proved on Nov. 9 by Lieutenant-Colonel Burton Henry Phillips, C.M.G., the son, and William Morton Phillips, the value of the estate being £217,371. The testator states that by the provisions of his marriage settlement his son Burton Henry succeeds to the Heath House property, and that £13,000

has been settled on his daughter Frances Margaret Capel Cure, and £7000 on his daughter Bertha Mary Anstruther. He gives the Newland Valley estate in Gloucester, and such a sum as with the balance of his marriage settlement funds will make up £30,000, to his son John Augustus; £150 each to his daughters; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Burton Henry.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1906) of **CHARLES ADOLPHUS, seventh EARL OF DUNMORE**, of 55, Lancaster Gate, who died on Aug. 27, was proved on Nov. 4 by the Hon. Wenman Coke and Frank Hay, the value of the unsettled property being £14,318. Lord Dunmore gives his town house and furniture to his wife, and directs his executors to sell his mining shares and stocks, and, after retaining £100 each, as a small recognition for their services, and paying all his debts and liabilities, to hand the balance to his son, Lord Fincastle, now eighth Earl of Dunmore.

The will (dated June 15, 1903) of **SIR DAVID TREHARNE EVANS, K.C.M.G.**, of 24, Watling Street, and Ewell Grove, Surrey, who died on Aug. 14, was proved on Nov. 4 by his sons, Richard Evan David Evans, John Percy Thomas Evans, and Montague Evans, the value of the property amounting to £62,796. He bequeaths £3000, and 200 £10 shares in Richard Evans and Co., to his son Richard Evan David; £10,000 in trust for his

daughter Mignon Gertrude; £5000 debentures in trust for his daughter Connie Maude Harcourt Middleton; £5000 in trust for each of his daughters—Evelyn Lilla Stretten, and Florence Emily Agnes Poyser; 200 £100 shares to Henry Drake, and legacies to persons in his employ. The residue of his property he leaves to his four sons—Richard Evan David, John Percy Thomas, Montague and Claude Baynard.

The will (dated May 29, 1889) of **MR. OSCAR PHILIPPE**, of the Hotel Cavour, Leicester-Square, who died on Oct. 1, was proved on Oct. 30 by Mrs. Julia Dale, the value of the property being £98,873. The testator leaves everything he shall die possessed of to his bookkeeper, Mrs. Dale.

The following important wills have now been proved—  
Colonel James William Balfour of Balfour and Trenabie, Orkney £43,175  
Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Reed-Parry, Broomy Hill, Hereford £36,057  
Miss Frances Catherine Linning, Queen Anne's Mansions, St. James's Park £27,977  
Miss Elizabeth Frances Amphlett, Hampton Lovett, near Droitwich £25,523  
Mr. Thomas Logan, Alderson Square, Harrogate £21,817  
Mr. John Robert Fletcher, The Uplands, Whitefield, Lancashire £36,098

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# THE SON OF A KING

BY F. A. STEEL

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER



"BARRING my pay," he said ruefully, "I haven't a coin in the world." And for the moment, newly accepted lover as he was, his eyes actually left hers and wandered away to the reddening yellow of the sunset with a certain resentment at the limitations of his world.

"Father has plenty!" she put in joyously. And for the moment her hand actually touched his in a new-born sense of appropriation and right of reassurance which made her blush faintly. It also made his eyes return to hers, whereat she blushed furiously, and then tried to cover her confusion by a jest. "Well! he has. Hasn't he the best collection of coins in India?"

"He wouldn't part with one of them, though, for love or money. And I doubt his parting with you—though I could pay a lot—in love."



He had both her hands now, and the very newness of the position made her fence with the emotion it aroused.

"He parted with duplicates—"

"But you aren't one—there isn't anyone like you in the wide, wide world. And I'm glad you're not. I don't want anyone else to be as lucky as I am—"

She retreated still further from realities into jesting. "Then he exchanges quite often, so, if you only set yourself to find something—" She broke off, and her face lit up. "Oh, Jim! I have such a delightful idea! You shall find the gold coin—you know the one I mean—with the date that is to settle, or unsettle, half the history of the world! Do you know, I really believe, if you helped him to confound all those German wiseacres, that father would be quite willing to exchange—"

"His daughter for the ducat! Perhaps. But, unfortunately—and quite between ourselves—I have my doubts about the existence of that coin. Or if it does exist it's hopelessly hidden away for ever and ever and aye, like that blessed old buried city of his that we have all been hunting after this month past in the wilderness. I don't wish to be disrespectful to your father, Queenie, but I believe he dreamt of it—that is to say, if it didn't dream of him—one never knows which comes first—"

He paused, arrested in the egoism, the absolute individualism of love by the mystery of the collective life which was part even of that love, and once more his eyes wandered to the sun-setting.

The sky had darkened on the horizon as the dust haze shadowed into purple, so that the distant edge of the low sand-hills, losing definite outline, seemed almost level. Yet far and near, from the feet of the lovers as they sat close together to that uncertain ending of their visible world, not a straight line was to be seen. Everything showed in curves—curves that told their unflinching tale of unseen circlings. The wrinkled ripples left by the last wind upon the sea of sand around them waved over the endless undulations of the desert, the sparse tussocks of coarse grass fell in fountains from their own centres, the stunted thorn-bushes were coiled and twisted on themselves like tangled skeins without a clue, the faint tracks of the

sand-rats and the partridges wound snake-like in every direction, and even the footprints which had brought the two lovers in their present resting-place held the same hint of reference to unseen continuity, for, absorbed in Love's new world they had wandered on aimlessly, unheeding of the old one at their feet.

The result stared them in the face now in a firm yet undecided trail that was by far the most salient feature in the indefinite landscape. Jim Forrester laughed as he directed her attention to it.

"We seem to have gone round and round on our tracks; so the tents, and your respected father and civilisation generally must be—well! exactly where I would have sworn they were not. But that just bears out what I was saying. For all we know the whole thing may be a peculiarly vicious circle! The world may be going back when we think it is going forward, and all the fine new things we think we find, may only be ourselves again. You and I, and the buried city and the gold coin—everything that we dream of, or that dreams of us, may only be part of the hidden circle which belongs to the curve of a life which has no straight lines—My God! take care—what the devil is that?"

That, if anything, was a straight line—straight as an arrow. And an arrow it was, still vibrating in the soft sand at their very feet. Jim Forrester stood up angrily and looked round for the archer who had drawn his bow at such an unpleasantly close venture. But no one was visible, so he stooped down and drew the arrow out of the sand. He had seen its like, or almost its like, before in those wild central tracts of sandy desert where the wandering tribes of goat-herds still cling to the weapons of a past age. His companion, however, had not, and she bent to examine it curiously. The attitude made the fair coils of her hair which were plaited round her head look more than ever like a heavy gold crown.

"It takes one back to another world altogether," she said, watching him as he balanced it critically to appraise the perfection of its poise, "To a world where it was made perhaps—for it looks old, doesn't it! I wonder who—"

She paused, becoming conscious that someone was standing behind her. Jim Forrester became conscious of the fact also, and showed it in such an aggressive way that she exclaimed hastily—

"Don't be angry with him, please. It must have been quite a chance—he couldn't have known we were here."

Even without the plea it would have been difficult for the young Englishman to refuse the chance of explanation to the figure which had appeared so unexpectedly. For, though in all outward accessories it was only that of a wandering goatherd, there was a calm dignity about it which claimed consideration. The



A youthful buoyancy such as the Greek sculptors gave to the young Apollo.



fillet which bound the hair, sun-ripened to a rich brown on its waves and curls, was only a knotted bit of goat's hair string, but the head it encircled had a youthful buoyancy such as the Greek sculptors gave to the young Apollo, a resemblance enhanced by the statuesque folds of the rough goat's-hair blanketing which was sparsely draped over the bare, sinewy yet fine-drawn frame.

The face, however, was faintly aquiline, and the eyes, deep set between prominent brow and cheek bone, had the mingled fire and softness which in India so often redeems an otherwise commonplace countenance.

"I was stalking bustard, Huzoor," said the goatherd frankly, with a flash of very white teeth, "and being face down on the sand yonder behind the grasses saw nothing till the Presences stood up, but a glint of the sun on something."

He spoke to the man, but his eyes were on the girl's golden crown of hair.

Jim Forrester suddenly broke the arrow across his knee and threw the fragments from him into the sand ripples.

"Hand me over the bow too," he said peremptorily, then paused. "Hallo! Where the deuce did you get that—it is very old—the oldest I've seen—with a looped string too?" he added, handling it curiously.

The goatherd smiled. "The Presence is welcome to keep it if he likes. I can get plenty more in the old city."

Once again in speaking to the man, his eyes, askance, were on the girl.

She started. "In the old city," she echoed, "Jim! do you hear

goatherd rose into the darkening dust haze. He was calling to his flock, and the words of his old-time chant were clearly audible—

"O, seekers for Life's meat,  
Your course is run!  
Come home with weary feet,  
Rest is so sweet.  
What though one day be done?—  
Another has begun.  
The flock, the fold are one,  
Where long years meet!"

"I hope he told us his real name!" she said suddenly.

## CHAPTER II.

"My dear child, all your geese are swans—and so were your poor mother's before you," said her father. And then his eyes grew dreamy, perhaps over the intricacies of some new coins he was classifying; though, in truth, the memory of the young wife who had left him alone with a week-old baby in the days of his youth had somehow come harder to him during the last few happier, more home-like years since his daughter had returned to take her mother's place as mistress of the house; for the girl was very like the dead woman.

She had brought her father his afternoon cup of tea to the office-tert, cleared for that brief recess of the cloud of clerks and witnesses, who through the wide canvas-wings, set open to let in the air, could be seen

that—then you know  
where the old city  
is?"

The goatherd almost  
laughed. "Wherefore not, malika  
sahiba [queen-lady]. Have I not lived in  
it always?"

"Lived in it! Then where is it?"

He swept a bronze hand in a circle  
which clipped her and him and the distant  
horizon.

"Here, queen-lady."

"Here," echoed Jim Forrester incredulously;  
"but there are absolutely no signs of a city  
here."

"Plenty, Huzoor!" replied the goatherd, "if the Protector  
of the Poor will only use his eyes. Look yonder, how the  
ground rises to meet the curve of the sky; yonder, sahib,  
where the sunset red dyes deepest."

The young Englishman looked and frowned, but the  
girl gave a quick exclamation, and laid a hasty, surprised touch  
on her lover's arm. "He is right, Jim," she said; "why didn't  
we notice it before? It stands out quite clear—an even rise all round  
centring on the unseen sun. How very curious! Ask him his name,  
Jim, and all that, so that father may be able to get hold of him. Fancy  
if we find the buried city—it would be as good almost as the gold coin,  
though somehow it makes me feel creepy." She gave a faint shiver  
as she spoke.

"The queen-lady should not remain in the wilderness when the sun  
has set," came in swift warning from the goatherd; "there is a fever  
fiend lurks in it and brings strange dreams."

Something almost of familiarity and command in the liquid yet vibrant  
voice made Jim Forrester frown again and say shortly, "Yes; we must get  
back: it grows quite cold."

The girl looked half bewildered first to one and then to the other  
of the two tall figures that stood between her and the fast-fading  
light, against which she still saw clearly that faint swelling domed  
blue shadow, as of some other world forcing its way through the crust  
of the visible one.

So she stood silent, vaguely disturbed while the few questions  
necessary to identify the man who answered them were asked.

She did not speak, indeed, until, with faces set on the right path for  
their camp and civilisation generally, they paused on the top of the first  
sand-rippled wave to look back. The shadowy dome was still there, swelling  
towards the vanished sun, and from its side the figure of the young

The girl laid a hasty,  
surprised touch on her  
lover's arm.

huddled in groups among the sparse shadows of the stunted kikar trees  
amid which the camp was pitched. They could be heard also, since in the  
limited leisure at their disposal they were hubble-hubbling away at their  
hookahs conscientiously; the noise in its rhythmic, intermittent insistency  
seemed like a distant snore from the sleepy desert of sand that stretched  
away to the horizon on all sides.

"Of course," he went on, "you could hardly be expected to know—  
though really, my dear, you have all your mother's quickness of perception  
regarding people and places—but the mere fact of that goatherd fellow  
giving his name as Khesroo, and admitting he was low-caste, should have  
made you doubt his assertion. I confess I had little hope, for such know-  
ledge as he professed to have is generally in the keeping of the priest-  
hood only."

"But Jim was there—I mean Mr. Forrester," she began. Her father  
coughed uneasily.

"Because I call my personal assistant, whom I have known as a child,  
Jim, that is no reason, my dear Queenie, why you should contract the  
habit. I don't think your poor mother would have liked it. Besides,  
though he is an able young man—very much so indeed, and when he grows



older will make an excellent officer—Mr. Forrester,—ahem!" (he made a violent effort over the name) "has no genius for antiquities. He utterly fails, for instance, to realise the far-reaching importance—for it would, of course, alter the whole chronology of the Græco-Bactrian era—of my contention concerning what Hausmann and the German school generally venture to designate a post-Vicramaditya. Yet some day, I feel sure, the gold coin of which Kapala gives so exact a description in B.C. 200, with the date under the legend and a double profile on the obverse, will turn up, and then the point will be settled, even if I do not live to see it."

He was fairly off on his hobby and had risen to pace the tent, his hands behind his back. Many a time and oft she had listened to him patiently, almost eagerly, for the story of India's golden age always fired her imagination, but to-day she was thinking of other things—of her engagement for one, which she must break to him sooner or later. So she went up to him and tucked her arm into his coaxingly.

"You may, father. It might be found any day. Do you know I believe you would give almost any thing—even your daughter—for that ducat. Wouldn't you?"

Absolute jest as it was, her voice trembled over the trivial words, as voices often do unconsciously when Fate means to turn them to her own purposes.

He smiled and patted her hand. "Undoubtedly I would, my dear. But, nice as you are, no one is likely to offer me that exchange. To begin with, the coin, as a simple unique, would be worth a fortune, and then there is the fame. Think of it! Half the philologists, most of the historians, and all those German fellows routed on their own ground!"

"Who knows?" she said, and then a frown dimmed the amusement in her eyes. "Though I can't understand," she added, "why that man Khesroo denied—as you say he did—having met Jim—I mean, us—yesterday. He can't be the wrong man, can he?"

"Mr. Forrester thinks he is not. But you can see for yourself," replied her father, returning to his tea and his treasures, "for he is still over in the orderlies' tent. They had such trouble hunting him out of the jungles and persuading him to come here that they said they must keep him overnight, anyhow, in case he was wanted."

An hour or so afterwards, therefore, a yellow legged constable escorted the goatherd who had answered to the name of Khesroo into the verandah of the Miss-Sahiba's drawing-room tent. It, also, was set wide to the cool of the desert evening, and its easy-chairs and low, flower-decked tables strewn with books and magazines struck a curiously dissonant note from that sounded by the wilderness of sandy waste, which on all sides hemmed in the little square of white-winged camp with a certain hungry emptiness.

"He is the man, Jim," said the girl in an undertone (for her father had come over from office and was seated within, reading the daily papers which the camel-post had just brought. "And yet—he looks different somehow—and so ill too."

He did look ill, with the languid yet harassed air which follows on malarial fever. The buoyancy of his carriage was replaced by an almost dejected air. Yet it was unmistakably the goatherd they had met the evening before, who, in obedience to a sign, squatted down midway, as it were, between the culture inside the tent and the savagery without it.

"You look as if you had been having fever—have you?" asked the

So she went up to him and tucked her arm into his coaxingly.



The figure of the young goatherd rose into the darkening dust haze.

girl abruptly, for her years of authority had made her knowledgeable in such things.

"The malika sahiba says right," replied Khesroo indifferently; "I have had it much—this long while back."

"And you had it yesterday or the day before?"

"It was yesterday. I was put past by it all day. And yet—" here a vague perplexity came to the dulled yet anxious face as he looked first at the girl, then apologetically at Jim Forrester. "What the Presence said about meeting me is perhaps right after all. Yes! it is right. I did see the Huzoor. I have remembered from the graciousness of the queen-lady and the gold crown of her hair."

The young Englishman frowned angrily. "You work miracles in memory, my dear Queenie," he said, and there was quite an aggrieved tone in his voice as he turned shortly on the speaker. "Why on earth didn't you tell the truth before, then? And the old city? I suppose you remember all about that too?"

"The old city," echoed Khesroo doubtfully. "No, Huzoor! What should I know about it beyond what all know—that there was a city and that it is lost? Such as I know only what the wise tell them—" he paused, and even to his deprecation came a half-resigned self-assertion, "And yet I had more chance than most, seeing that my mother was twice-born."

"She was, was she?" put in his hearer, and then looked round towards his chief. "Do you hear that, Sir? His mother was a Brahmani—that may account for his profile, which you said this morning puzzled you in a low-caste man."

"I said it was Scythic in type, and so it is," was the answer, as the speaker laid down his paper and came forward for further inspection. "So your mother was twice-born," he continued, addressing the goatherd; "a child-widow, I suppose?"

Khesroo stretched his hand out, the fingers wide spread in a dignified assent which suited him better than his former almost cringing humility.

"Huzoor, yes! Her people, however, did not find her till I was nigh six; but after that, of course, I was alone."

A hush fell on the group, for—to those three listeners who understood them—the simple words told of a common enough tragedy in India; of a life denied all natural outlet, of unworthy love, of outraged pride of race followed by sure if slow revenge.

"And your father—who was he?"

Khesroo shook his head. "I had no one but my mother, Huzoor."

There was another hush, on which the girl's voice rose clear with a curious thrill in it.

"And she was very beautiful, was she not?"

"Her son is a good-looking fellow, at any rate," remarked Jim Forrester coolly, and, moving away, he took up the newspaper, conscious of a certain irritation, and began to read the latest report of wireless telegraphy with the unsuspecting and unquestioning assent which we of these latter days reserve for the marvels of matter only.

Her father having gone back to his papers also, the girl and the goatherd were left alone midway between civilisation and savagery. Huddled in his coarse blanketing, his bare arms crossed





over his bare knees, there was nothing distinctive or unusual in Khesroo's figure, behind which the background of shadowy desert was fast fading into shadowy sky, except the haggardness of the aquiline face, the hollowness of the dark eyes. These struck her, and she stretched out her hand to feel his.

"Have you fever now? No, you are quite cool."

He shivered slightly at her touch, and his eyes, passing hers, seemed to rest on the plaits of her hair.

"No, Huzoor," he replied, "it is a thief fever—it is hard to catch."

She smiled. "I think quinine will manage it."

He shook his head. "Nothing catches that which robs us of life at its own time. It will leave me none some day." He spoke unconcernedly, as if the fact were beyond question.

"Then why do you wear that amulet if it is of no use?" she said, pointing to the little leathern bag, such as the wild tribes use for the carrying of charms, which was tied round his arm.

Khesroo shook his head again, but smiled this time, and the flash of his white teeth must have removed any doubt of his identity, had such doubt existed.

"The queen-lady mistakes," he said. "It does not contain a charm. It is my *pholongrar*."

"Your what?" she echoed, uncomprehending.

"*Pholongrar*. The picture, Huzoor, that the sun holds always of all things it has ever seen in the world. It showed this to a memsahiba long ago when I was little, and she showed it to my mother."

"You mean your photograph?"

"Huzoor, yes! Perhaps the queen-lady might care to see it, since it is like my mother as she was—*before they found her!*"

Perhaps it was the thought of what the poor woman must have been like *after* that finding which made the English girl feel a vague oppression as she took the tight roll of paper that Khesroo unfolded from a piece of red rag.

"I was five, Huzoor," he said simply, "and my mother loved me much."

Small wonder, was the girl's first thought as she looked at the sedate, yet childish face, half-concealed by the high turban, which had evidently been borrowed for the occasion, at the quaint dignity of the childish figure huddled into finery too large for it, and holding a flower in its hand as if it had been a sceptre. But as she looked a startled expression came over her face; she stood up and hurried to her father, with appeal in her voice.

"Oh, father! do look here! How very curious! This photograph of Khesroo when he was a child—I think mother must have taken it, for I am almost sure there is one like it in her diary—in the volume you gave me to read the other day, because we were camping through the same country. Stay! I'll fetch it—"

She was back in a moment with an unclasped book in her hand, and fluttered hastily through pages and sketches, almost to the end.

"There!" she cried suddenly, "I was sure of it!"

Her father laid the one photograph beside the other, and Jim Forrester, looking over his shoulder curiously, compared them also. They



She stretched out her hand to feel his.

were identical. But underneath the one pasted into the book a woman's hand had written—

"The Son of a King."

The title fitted the picture, and reminded the girl of something in Khesroo which had struck her yesterday and which was absent to-day. She turned over the page, but beyond it all was blank. Those words were the last in the diary.

"I think I remember something about it now, my dear," said her father, taking his hand away from the book gently; "it may have been the last she took, for I was camping round here as assistant just before—before you were born. And she was always taking children and giving pictures to the mothers; not that I remember that particular one—you see it must be fifteen years ago—at least."

"Nearer five-and-twenty, dear," she said softly, and as she realised the impotence of what the world counts as Time to touch the smallest thing that once has been, the utter irrelevance of days and weeks and years in connection with a single thought, the photographs before her grew dim to her eyes, the fine feminine writing with its verdict, "The Son of a King," became invisible.

So through her tears she saw only—blurred and indistinct—the wondering face of Khesroo the goatherd.

"Look!" she said in sudden impulse. "The sun must have held two pictures of you."

He stared at the duplicate stupidly. "I did not steal it," he began uneasily.

"Of course you didn't," she replied smiling now. "It was my mother who took the picture, and gave it to yours—she was the memsahiba you spoke of—perhaps you remember her?"

A look almost of relief came to the goatherd's haggard, anxious face. "Yes! Perhaps your slave remembers, and that is why he thought he recollected the graciousness of the queen-lady and the gold crown of her hair. That will be it, and your slave did not lie to the Huzoor." He looked apologetically towards the young Englishman; but the latter had once more an aggrieved tone in his voice as he said shortly in English—

"Whether he did or did not doesn't much matter. There isn't anything to be got out of him apparently, so perhaps you had better tell to the tent and see that he takes the quinine

"He is the man, Jim," said the girl in an undertone.

the orderly to take him back you send—as I suppose you will."

(Continued on page 9.)



## POSERS FOR POSTERITY: STRANGE FINDS 500 YEARS HENCE.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



THE DISCOVERY OF THE STRAP-HANGER'S HOME: DESCRIPTION OF A DISTRICT RAILWAY-CAR.

"Great interest has been aroused by a wonderful relic dug up at Ealing. The contrivance was evidently a refrigerator-hut, for within it was found still intact a series of leather loops to which no doubt the carcases were hung. By a cunning arrangement of doors and windows a continuous icy draught was maintained, and this could hardly be equalled by our own improved methods. The description 'Ealing' on the outside seems to prove that the hutch belonged to that little village—the centre of the pickled-mutton industry."—[FROM "SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE," A.D. 2407.]



## POSERS FOR POSTERITY: STRANGE FINDS 500 YEARS HENCE.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



UNEARTHING THE POPULAR L.C.C. STEAMBOAT.

"While a party of scientists were burrowing about in the Thames Valley last week, they found in the Putney marshes a structure that has been identified as belonging to an early form of portable soup-kitchen. The evidence suggests that it has been run more as an amusement than as a paying concern, although we should imagine that large profits were earned by it, especially in the winter months, when it would be so greatly in demand among the poorer classes."—[FROM "SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE," A.D. 2427.]



## CHAPTER III.

"I meant to tell him yesterday, Jim," said the girl in an undertone, glancing with almost maternal solicitude at her father, who was writing within, his grey, somewhat bald head shining out, in the light of the lamp by which he was working, against the intense shadowy darkness of the tent walls, "but that disappointment about the lost city wasn't, so to say, propitious. And to-day there was that letter from Hausmann about the coin somebody has discovered which has quite upset him. Poor father," she added, turning to her lover again, "it will be hard on him. Did you notice how he said it was but fifteen years . . ."

She broke off and looked out into the night. The stars were showing overhead through the fine fret of the kikar trees, though the horizon still held a hint of the day that was dead. Against this paler background she fancied she could see—itsself a shadow, yet half-hidden by shadow—that curving dome as of a new world forcing its way through the crust of the old, or an old one through the new.

"It was odd about those photographs, wasn't it?" she said irrelevantly. "He must be five years older than I am."

"His age is honoured by the comparison."

"My dear Jim," she interrupted, opening her eyes, "this unfortunate goatherd seems—"

"I said he was fortunate, I think. But I admit hating things I don't quite understand."

"Then you must hate me—now don't be angry," she added: "I mean no blame. I very often don't understand myself."

"I know that—and that is why I want this business settled and clear—you—you seem so far off sometimes."

There was a passion in his voice; he stretched his hands out to her as she stood apart, her filmy dinner dress looking ghostly and elusive seen half in the dark, half by the feeble light from within the tent.

She stretched out her hands also, but there was all the world between his almost pathetic appeal and her almost amused repulse.

"You must make haste and find that ducat, Jim. I feel sure that without it—and especially in his present mood—father will never consent—"

He certainly did not seem in a consenting frame of mind as he came out to them with the offending letter from Hausmann in his hand.

"I've answered it," he said sternly, "but as the man is an ass, he will most likely miss the point, which is, of course, Kapala's description of this coin. He says distinctly that it has one profile superimposed on another with the legend beneath, and the date below the flower on the obverse. Really, child, I think I will get you to figure it for me, since Hausmann seems unable to understand words."

"You could use the handsome goatherd as a model, you know,"



Her father laid the one photograph beside the other.

remarked Jim Forrester, vaguely surprised at his own irritation; "your father said his features were Scythic."

"Yes!" assented the quimistatist abstractedly as he tried to re-read part of the offending missive by the distant light of the lamp; "rather

an uncommon type in India nowadays, though one sees it elsewhere. Queenie has it partly—your mother had Russian blood in her, you know."

"Perhaps that is why I feel so interested in Khesroo," said the girl, looking coldly askance at her lover.

"Oh, by the way," put in her father, breaking in on his own indignation



"The sun must have held two pictures of you."

and the silence which ensued between those two who loved each other—a silence which both felt to be at once incomprehensible yet inevitable, intolerable yet in a way fascinating—"that reminds me. The orderlies reported he was bad with fever to-night. Send him over some more quinine."

"I'll take it, if you like," said Jim Forrester, faintly penitent.

She looked at the two men with disdainful tolerance. "I will see him first. One never knows what these people call fever—it may be pneumonia."

She moved off as she spoke, into the night, meaning to cross over towards the orderlies' tent, then paused to glance back at the figure which followed "Are you coming too?" she said curtly. "I can manage all right."

"Of course I am coming!" replied Jim Forrester. "It is pitch dark, to begin with, and I can at least help you to find your patient. I think you had better keep outside the camp, so as to avoid the tent-ropes—it isn't any longer, really."

It was, if anything, shorter, but it brought them instantly into the grip, as it were, of the desert, which crept hungrily upon the camp on all sides; so that, ere they had gone five steps beyond the canvas wings of the tent, they seemed as much alone, as far from conventional twentieth-century life, as they had been two days before, when they first sat together as betrothed lovers in the sunset of a world of curves telling the tale of eternal, of unseen circlings. Even so much of Life's secret was invisible now. All they saw was a darkness they knew to be wilderness, a dim outline of themselves close together, hand in hand. For with the knowledge that they were alone—perhaps with the memory of the wilderness—they had clasped hands instinctively, and for the time the sense of stress and strain had passed.

It returned again, however, with curious vividness, as, right in their path, a shadow dim as their own showed suddenly.

She knew who it was instinctively before it spoke.

"I thought you had fever," she said. "Why are you here?"

"I have been waiting the graciousness of the queen-lady," came the reply, and the voice was buoyant with joyous vitality. "I have to tell her my dreams—the fever always brings dreams, and I remember now! Yea! I remember all things from the beginning. So if she will come, I will show her the lost city where we lived, and she will dream the dream also."

Dimly, in the darkness, she fancied she could see the shining of his eyes, see his beckoning hand. What her lover saw was a movement of the shadow towards the wilderness; what he felt was a faint increase in the distance between his hand and hers which made him claim it again.

"Queenie!" he cried, "what are you thinking of? You can't possibly go now. The man is delirious with fever—surely you hear that in his voice. You had better come back to the tent and let me send someone to take him into shelter and look after him."

For an instant no one spoke, and then it seemed almost a bodiless voice from the desert which broke the silence, for in his desire to detain her Jim Forrester had drawn the girl back a pace or two, so that the darkness lay deeper between their two shadows and that third one nearer the wilderness.

"Let the queen-lady decide for herself. If she comes, I will show her



all forgotten things—the golden crown that is not plaited hair, the golden coin that was made for the lovers—

"Jim," she whispered almost fiercely, "do you hear? It is the gold coin—it is waiting to be found. I must go—"

"This is pure folly," protested the young Englishman. "If anyone has to go I will, of course. But what hurry is there? Why not wait till to-morrow—now, do be reasonable, Queenie, and consider—"

She ceased trying to release her hand, and when she spoke again it was in a natural tone.

"Yes. I forgot that. Khesroo, I will come with you to-morrow. It will be easier by daylight. Go back to the orderlies' tent now, and I will send you over some more medicine, and when the fever has gone—"

"The dreams will have gone too," came the voice out of the night; but it, also, was more natural, more like that of Khesroo the goatherd. "I shall forget again, and then the gold coin that was struck for her and her lover—"

"For her and her lover," echoed the girl softly. "Did you hear, Jim? I must go and get it for you."

"Long—long ago—" came the voice again.

She echoed the words almost inaudibly this time, and Jim Forrester drew her closer as he said sharply—"If anyone goes I will; but I don't see—"

The voice interrupted him. "But the queen-lady sees. She is like her mother; she sees pictures in the sun. Of course, the Huzoor can come; but if the queen-lady really wants this thing—if she believes—if she trusts—"

"Let me go, Jim! let me go!"

"You shall not," he cried, seizing her round the waist in swift antagonism to some unseen influence, in sudden consciousness of conflict.

And so to both him and her in the darkness and stillness of the desert, within a few steps only of quiet, comfortable, commonplace civilisation, came like a whirlwind a perfect tumult of bewildering emotions, and all the deathless forces which never slumber or sleep in their work of moulding the soul of man, leapt from silence into speech. Love, jealousy, hatred, resolve, high courage—all these seemed to sweep through their every fibre of mind and body, leaving them breathless, wondering, uncertain if they were awake or dreaming, if they were real or mere shadows of a reality which Time cannot touch or alter. For an instant only they were conscious of all this—but the instant might have been an hour in its suggestion of infinite experience.

Then Time claimed them once more, time and trivialities and commonsense, so that ten minutes afterwards Jim Forrester, having made his preparations for a tramp into the desert, was stooping to say good-night to his betrothed and to assure her of his speedy return. The moon would rise in half-an-hour, the distance to the place where they had first met Khesroo could not be over three miles, he would be back by midnight.

Meanwhile, she could tell her father he had turned in, but if she chose herself to sit up—well . . .

As their lips met lingeringly, a little breeze that had wandered from the desert shifted a ripple or two on the sand-waves about their feet, and died away like a sigh in the fine fret of the kikar trees above the unseen tents.

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was an hour before dawn.

The desert itself could scarcely have been stiller than the camp. In the white moonlight the white tents looked like some shrouded city of the dead, forgotten yet unburied; for, here and there, some out in the moonlit open, others flecked with the fine shadow of the kikar trees, lay corpse-like figures swathed in sheets, as if waiting for their graves. There was no sound, no

sign of life, not even where the moonlight, slanting through the still wide-set wings of the drawing-room tent, showed the folds of a woman's dress, the daintiness of a high-heeled shoe.

The rest of the figure was in shadow, though the light, in its last effort against the darkness of the tent, claimed the pages of the open book which lay on the sleeping girl's lap, and turned one of them into a silver framing for the photograph of a child. So vivid was the light that even the fine feminine writing, beneath it showed in the dead woman's verdict—

"The Son of a King."

For the girl had been pondering over the strange chance which had brought her, in her turn, within the influence of this nameless kingship when, as she waited for her lover's return, she had fallen asleep in her chair. And yet, as she had sat there, thinking, watching, she had felt very wide awake indeed. Not with anxiety, however; that had passed. In fact, as she followed in her mind what had gone before Jim Forrester's quite prosaic start to walk three or four miles into the wilderness on a moonlight night to be shown the bearings of a buried city and possibly to be given proof positive that there were ruins beneath the sand, she had been in grave doubt as to what had actually occurred. Had there been conflict? Had love and jealousy and hatred and resolve risen up and claimed them all? Surely not. Why, indeed, should it be so? Though, doubtless, in her, in her lover, in the goatherd, there was something held, as it were, in common yet which had struggled to be individual, separate.

And this had been most marked between the young Englishman and the goatherd. Unaccountable as it was, she felt that in some mysterious fundamental mind of hers these two were associated indissolubly—that they stood towards her on the same plane. Nay, more! that it was the consciousness of this which kept her calm, which overbore the possibility of future danger, the memory of past conflict. What harm could happen to the Son of a King or with the Son of a King?

The phrase had been on her lips as she fell asleep. It was on them as she awoke and stood up suddenly, the open book sliding soundless from her lap into the soft sand. But the phrase brought no comfort with it now. Had she been asleep for long? Had her lover returned? Was it past midnight?

The anxious questions surged up through the crust of calm before she was half awake, and instinctively she was outside the tent in a moment on

He tried to re-read part of the offending missive by the distant light of the lamp.



"Let me go, Jim! let me go!"

her way towards her lover's, her rapid feet, shod in the dainty high-heeled slippers, dimpling the shifting sand.

The coming dawn had sent cloud heralds to the west, and an advanced pursuivant, drifting across the moon, shadowed all things faintly and seemed to increase the silence.

[Continued on page 13.]



# POSERS FOR POSTERITY: STRANGE FINDS 500 YEARS HENCE.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



THE DISCOVERY OF THE FRAGRANT MOTOR-CAR.

"Owing to a landslide during harvest operations, some farm hands discovered a wonderful chaff-cutter used in the time of Edward VII. The presence, near the relics, of Government official weapons, tends to show how carefully it was watched to see that no harm came to it. By an ingenious arrangement of pipes it evidently diffused sweet odours while at work."—[FROM "SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE," A.D. 2497.]



# POSERS FOR POSTERITY: STRANGE FINDS 500 YEARS HENCE.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY SECTION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM. A.D. 2407.

"The sections of the British Museum devoted to relics of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have lately been enriched with many valuable exhibits, unearthed for the most part during excavations in and around London. The curator has with infinite patience and learning discovered the name and use of most of the utensils and objets d'art. Most remarkable, perhaps, is the copy of what must have been the chief scientific newspaper of the twentieth century. Unfortunately only the front page remains, but the austere and classic beauty of the figure, symbolically posed with her tablets beside the terrestrial globe and the dome of St. Paul's, is conclusive enough proof of the high seriousness of the publication. It is a thousand pities that we can only guess at the contents of 'The Sketch,' the loss of which to learning is a catastrophe paralleled only by the burning of the Library at Alexandria."—[FROM "SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCER," A.D. 2407.]



She called softly; there was no reply, so she looked in. A glance told her that her lover had not returned, and the light stealing in through the uplifted screen showed her by the travelling-clock hung to the tent-pole that it was already past three o'clock.

Three! What had happened—and what was to be done? For an instant the ordinary inrush of anxiety made her think of rousing the camp, of sending out search-parties; but the next brought her a curious conviction that in this case danger lay in seeking outside help: a certainty that in this matter she must stand alone, that in this crisis—whatever it was—there must be but three alone—if, indeed, there were three—herself, her lover, and this nameless Son of a King.

So almost without a pause, the dimples left by her rapid feet were curving towards the highest sand-wave within sight of the camp. Thence she could watch the desert sea, and perhaps find him, even now, close at hand. But once there, the next sand-wave attracted her as being a better point of vantage, and so from wave to wave she flitted in her white dress like some desert bird, leaving behind her a curved track of dimples in the sliding sand, until a little wind, the herald blast of the hurrying clouds overhead, crept low down over the world and swept the dimples back into the old ripples.

"Khesroo!" she called suddenly, for a shadow seemed beside hers in that empty wilderness; but there was no answer.

"Jim!" she called again, uncertainly; but there was no reply.

Yet she was not frightened. She knew now, in that mysterious fundamental mind of hers, that she alone was responsible, that she, and she only, could solve the riddle. Khesroo had been right. If she had wanted this thing, if she had believed, if she had trusted, she would have gone before. And now she must hurry, or it would be too late—wherefore or for what she scarcely considered.

"Khesroo!" she called once more, and this time there was a faint inflection of fear in her voice; for was that figure Khesroo, the goatherd, or was it her lover? Or was it neither; but someone only of whom she had dreamt as the Son of a King?

Should she go back? The wish struck her keenly, but she ignored it, and went on. She must, she knew, have left the camp far behind her, and, if she had kept the right direction, would soon be close on the spot where that straight line of an arrow had startled her by its intrusion into her dream of love.

If she had kept it! And surely she had, for behind her the east was faintly lightening for the dawn. Yonder, therefore, in the dark of the heralding clouds which had huddled upon the western horizon must lie the domed shadows of the buried city.

"Khesroo!" she cried instinctively, the very soul of her speaking, "Show it to me! For the sake of the woman who died, as women die for a life of love, a love of life, show it to me!"

And then behind her she heard a voice chanting, as Khesroo, the goatherd had chanted, the call of guidance for the wanderers in the desert. Yet the words were different; for these were they—

Seekers for sleep, arise!  
Your rest is done.  
Go forth with weary eyes  
To find your prize  
In vain, in vain! To none  
Will slumber have begun  
I'll from the heart of one  
Desire dies.

Listening she turned to look, then realised that in her searching she must once more have circled back on her own footsteps, for behind and not before her, dark, clear, unmistakable, the domed shadow of the lost city lay against the lightening east. And on its swelling side as Khesroo had stood before, he stood again. Was it the rising sun which turned the fillet of knotted cord about his head

to gold?—which dyed the coarse blanketing to royal purple, and transformed the wearer into the perfect kingliness of buoyant youth and beauty? She never knew. She only felt that something stronger than herself caught her, held her, clasped her, and yet drew her on, so that with hands outstretched she ran towards it, crying between smiles and tears:

"The Son of a King! The Son of a King!"

The next instant she had tripped and fallen heavily on her face over a tangled tuft of grass concealing an unusually deep descent of a desert wave. As she picked herself up, confused, somewhat dazed, and paused to free her eyes from the sand grains which clouded them, something almost at her feet brought her back to realities, and she gave a quick exclamation. For in the hollow beneath the wave where he had evidently sought shelter deliberately, Jim Forrester lay curled up comfortably, fast asleep. At least, so it seemed, though Khesroo's quaint old bow must surely make rather an uncomfortable pillow.

She stooped over the sleeping man and for an instant her face whitened; she bent lower to listen to his breathing. And as she listened a couple of startled sand-chaffs fled from a neighbouring thorn bush, their chuckling cry echoing over the desert like an evil laugh.

But a minute afterwards in answer to her touch Jim Forrester was staring at her trying to collect his sleep-scattered senses.

"Hullo!" he said slowly. "How on earth did I—Ah! I remember. That brute of a goatherd played the garden ass and I lost him, so after wandering about for hours, I turned in till daylight. But you—my dearest dear—"

He started to his feet as he realised her presence there, and held out both his hands to her.

As he did so, something dropped from them and lay glittering on the sand at his feet.

It was a gold coin.

They looked at each other amazed; then she stooped and picked it up.

"A double profile," she said slowly, holding it so as to catch the growing sunlight, "and the legend round"—she spelt it out from the Greek lettering—"Basileus Basileon."

"And the date," he cried, "the date!"

"Yes, the date is there," she replied, still more slowly turning to the obverse, "the bird and the date—it is all right—but I was thinking of the other—"

"What other?"

"Basileus Basileon—the King of Kings," she said softly, and looked out towards the sunrise. But the light had claimed the whole world and sent all shadows flying.

So happily, provisionally they went home to breakfast. Yet there was one thing which she never told anyone, perhaps because it might have stood in the way of the popular explanation of the whole affair—namely, that Khesroo had happened on the coin and must have put it in Jim Forrester's hand after the latter fell asleep. So,

not even when her father proudly pointed out to admirers that the double profile was that of a man and a woman, and that the latter, curiously enough, might almost be a portrait of his married daughter, did she ever say that when she found her husband asleep in the sand that morning, the looped bowstring of Khesroo the goatherd's bow was loose about his neck.

But she often wonders if it would have been drawn tighter had she not gone to seek for what she wanted.

[THE END.]

She stooped over  
the sleeping man.

As Khesroo had stood before,  
he stood again.



CUPID'S MIRROR.



SEEN WITH THE EYES OF LOVE: "THE YOUNG AT HEART NEVER GROW OLD."

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.



## Romeo in Ecstasy and Error.



"BUT STAY, SHE COMES!"

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE.



## THE CURTAIN DOWN.

DRAWN BY G. SPURRIER.



A DISAPPOINTMENT FOR THE STROLLING PLAYERS: NO CHRISTMAS DINNER!



# A ARGUMENT

by MAARTEN MAARTENS

Illustration by L. Daviel.

"NO!" said Baas Slimmer, standing, his legs apart, among the cackling hens and chickies of his farm-yard. "No! No! No!" He said each "no" louder, till the last was quite a shout. Nobody minded much; the whole place was full of live-stock, but everybody was thinking of himself. Of his, or her, immediate opportunities for eating more than was good for them. It was feeding-time, as could be perceived by the distant grunts and shrieks and lowings from the outhouses on opposite sides of the great open square. The farmer himself had thrown an indignant handful of corn amongst his couple of hundred barn-door fowls, and the lot of them were fighting and squeaking and treading the babies under-foot. The infants emerged, with a *pee-ep*, and hastily swallowed their share.

"No!" shouted the Baas.

The buxom farm-wife came out at the open door—one of those Dutch back-doors that break in half, so you can lean over the middle and chat. She cared, up to a reasonable point of disturbed placidity. For with the happy *insouciance* of the so-called dumb creatures, who are not dumb at all, only deaf, mercifully deaf, to the cruel things we say—with the cheerful ignorance about coming evils which is God's chief boon to His beasts in a world of suffering, with this foolishly blessed indifference to possibilities, the thousand little souls (of a sort) that filled the farm and its fields remained callous to the moods of the man who was lord of the life of each one of them. We men can do a lot of harm, and we willingly do it, but it is only to one another that we can cause prospective pain. And that, really, under the circumstances, is something the brutes, if they knew, might be thankful for. The farm-wife, when her master barked very loud, had to come and see what was the matter. Though she knew, from long experience, that a many barks went to one bite.

"Dear, dear!" she said, standing with a big scarlet platter against her hip. "And what are you shouting at now, Slimmer? The wind? It'll blow, all the same."

"Why, that's out of the Bible too!" replied Slimmer.

"Dear me, so it is," said the farm-wife, pleased.

"Don't you go quoting the Bible at me like Stott," continued Slimmer grumpily. "'Tisn't fair." He looked round on the hens scuffling all about his feet. "A body can't say nothing in answer to the Bible," he said. "The Bible isn't argument." "Argument," he called it. "The Bible isn't argyment. No more than *that* is!" He pointed to the squabbling fowls. "There's no sense in *that*, and the Bible's above sense, but neither of them's argyment."

Vrouw Slimmer had long ago abandoned all attempts at unravelling her husband's tangled syllogisms. She never even puckered her brows now over them, she simply said, "What were you shouting at?"

"I wasn't shouting. I was argyving the matter out to myself. Is it yes or no? I was asking myself quite gently. And I reasoned out that it was no."

The farm-wife shrugged her shoulders. "All that fuss," she said scornfully, "about killing a pig."

"A pig!" bellowed the farmer. "As if I should argyfy about a pig!"

"You'd argyfy about anything, Slimmer. I thought it was that mangy black porker that the butcher from Overstad was wanting to buy."

"You were wrong, then," remarked Slimmer, pulling out his pipe, "as you always are. You just jump at things, like all women. Poor unreasonable things! They jabber and jabber: they haven't time to argyfy."

"Poor things!" said the Vrouw, sarcastic.

"Now a man like me," continued the Baas, "he always knows when he's wrong. For why? He reasons it all out, and he sees at once where he went off his count. It's like counting apples. You can't say there's twenty-four, if I've counted twenty-three." He faced her triumphantly. "You can't say there's twenty-four—"

"Oh, yes, yes," she interrupted, turning back to her kitchen, "I can reason too," she called, hastily. "There's something smelling that means a burn!" she called, and disappeared.

But she was back again, soon enough, leaning over her green-painted door. "Now what's this fresh fuss about?" she asked in a wheedling tone.

"Fuss?" he answered sardonically, pulling at his pipe. "There's no fresh fuss, no more than there was this morning. Trust a woman to come fussing about a fuss."

"Well, a woman didn't begin it this morning," expostulated Vrouw Slimmer.

"And what's Stott but an old woman?" came the adroit reply. "I don't call him a man. He's an old woman, he is."

"And what were you shouting 'no' about?" wheedled the farm-wife. "About Koos? We'll soon see, if the boy's as good as Stott thinks. And I hope he may be. You weren't bothering your head about that?"

Her husband eyed her under his drooping lids—a tall, lean man, with a canny face, all wrinkles. "What an intelligent head!" thought the summer visitors, as they watched him gazing up at the preacher in church. The Minister held a different opinion.



"Now, was I right or was I wrong?"

"Curious!" said Slimmer slowly. "That curious! A woman'd pull down a stone wall to see if there wasn't a toad inside!"

"And quite right, too," replied his better half, "if the poor things live in 'em a thousand years, as I've heard, without bite nor—"

"There never was a woman since Eve—"

"Oh, be quiet about Eve. That's all most of you men read your Bibles for—to say snappy things to us about Eve!"

"Woman, you're profane," replied the Baas, "as profane as the hens." And they both laughed, he noiselessly, she aloud. For, at this morning's "Vesting," the solemn annual event, when the Minister calls with an elder and exhorts the whole household, collected in the kitchen, had not a fat white hen, in the midst of the proceedings, scratched her way into the Minister's wideawake hat in a corner on the floor, and there laid a much be-cackled egg? And had it not proved quite impossible afterwards to make Miekien and Piet and the rest of the dull, rubicund farm-servants realise that here was only an episode which everybody ought to forget? Nay—far worse—this is what actually occurred:

The hen ran about and cackled, and the pale-faced Minister, unsmiling, talked on. His Elder, old Jacob Stott, the pork-butcher, sat frowning and wrathful. The

Baas and his wife looked uncomfortable, feeling somehow personally responsible for their fowl: the young people giggled all round.

"And, as I was remarking," declaimed the Minister, "how, if you do not come to church"—raising his voice in the din—"can you expect to be benefited by the sermon?"

"Koos, put that hen out!" shouted Slimmer. The young hand jumped up with alacrity, and made a grab in the direction of the flutter and noise. All he caught was empty space and a bump: he righted himself with another swift sweep at the screeching biped. But the hen had dashed against the farm-wife's petticoats, and up on the great open "Book" and away over Stott's apoplectic head, and everybody had risen now and was talking and laughing at once: only the butcher's gurgling indignant protests. He said it was done on purpose, from opposition to the true "Confession," and hatred of "the Word," just the thing that a Rationalist like Slimmer—but nobody heard him, for they were all far too busy catching the hen.

All, except the farmer's ten-year-old grandson, Tony. Tony had no time for the bird: he was too busy with the egg. He had taken up the egg very quietly, and, with tender solicitude, he had deposited it gently in the middle of the cushions of the Minister's arm-chair. "It would have been a pity," he said softly to himself, "if anybody had stepped on that egg." But once having taken these precautions, it must be admitted that no one joined more vigorously in the search than Master Tony. In fact, it was he who ultimately bundled the hurried heap of feathers out at the door. Then everybody sat down again. The Minister sat down last.

He first stood smoothing the ruffled pages of the Family Bible. He did it with a slow and loving touch. He was giving the people time to collect themselves. And, as a matter of fact, they were eager to do so. They were by no means naturally inclined to irreverence. Far from it. He had taken the best means of calming them, as he stood there, sweetly pensive, his gentle fingers lingering about the sacred page.

Then the Minister sat down on the egg. He let himself down slowly. There wasn't an ear in the kitchen but heard the crunch.

He was a young man, athletic outside, his clerical habit. It was wonderful how quickly he was up again, and had whisked round to inspect the seat of the disturbance. As his other side flashed into view, to the whole of the semicircle, not a mouth, except Stott's, but sent forth a roar! The Minister whisked round once again: he had drawn forth a long white handkerchief; he stood rubbing himself, a lank black figure.

"Can I help your Reverence?" asked the farm-wife, as grave as the circumstances would allow.

"I thank you, Vrouw," replied the Minister. He was young: he was momentarily ridiculous: he felt his high office, and a great deal of stickiness, and a cruel insult from somebody unknown.

But at that stage, in the general atmosphere of hysterical merriment and disapproval, somebody set up a howl. That somebody proved to be Koos, the

charity-child, the new "boy," twelve years old, who had come in last Monday, on sufferance, and done something wrong ever since he came. Everybody looked at him at once, and he howled the louder. The Baas had turned upon him his customary threatening frown.

"'Twasn't me, Baas," he howled. "'Twasn't me!"

"Then who was it?" demanded his master.

"Ay, who was it?" repeated the Minister.

"Did anybody say it was you?" asked the farmer's wife. Tony peeped forth behind his grandmother's skirts.

"The Baas glared at me so!" squeaked the miserable urchin.

"Glare? Do I glare?" cried the furious Slimmer.

"You had better confess!" said the Minister, still mopping. (But you can't mop it off: that's no good.)

"You put it down, without thinking, as you ran after the hen," prompted the Vrouw good-naturedly.

"Without thinking, of course," echoed Slimmer.

"Haven't I pointed out to you a dozen times a day—"

"Confess!" repeated the Minister, for that was his religious solution of every difficulty. "Confess and be absolved"—as the lawyer's is "Confess and be condemned."

"I—I—didn't—"

"Koos!" There was a painful silence. Everybody waited.



"Well, p'raps I did," gasped Koos. He wanted, in the first place, all those eyes off him. There was a general movement of relief.

"Why did you tell lies before?" questioned his master.

"I—I didn't remember. If I did it, it must have been as missus says, when I was running after the—I must have caught it up to save it and put it down without thinking—" He hurried on, along his only plausible line of defence.

"You come straight away with me," said Baas Slimmer darkly. "Ever since I took ye, ye've been getting into mischief. And now to go playing such a trick on his Reverence! And to tell lies over it! You're a wicked boy, you are! I'll teach you to tell lies. You're a liar!" He walked to the door; the boy howled louder than ever.

"He isn't," interposed a burly voice; "he isn't." Butcher Stott stood out, red.

"I won't stand by and hear one of our Church children called names," said Butcher Stott. "He's as good a boy as ever had a good up-bringing. As good as all the other parish boys!"

The Minister smiled apologetically, as a man whose duty it is to recognise a fallacy, when he sees one.

"Four-and-twenty year," continued Butcher Stott, "have I been a member of the board, Slimmer. You don't trouble about that sort of work for others, you don't. And never a boy but has turned out well, in all that time, thanks to *our* up-bringing. Every mother's son of 'em has done well," he repeated emphatically, "except them as did better, and died." His voice dropped; there must have been a soft spot somewhere in the big, apoplectic pork-butcher. He walked across and deliberately placed his fat hand on the sobbing boy's shock head.

"No, he didn't do it! He didn't do it," squeaked Tony in a frightened treble.

"Hush, child; you shut your silly mouth!" admonished his grandmother, and pushed him back behind her ample gown.

"Don't advance more than you can prove, brother Stott," suggested the Minister gently; but that was fuel to the fire with the Elder, well known to be as stubborn as he was soft.

"I can prove every word of it," said Stott doggedly. "And that's more than Slimmer can do. There was Kypkens, that drives his blue gig this day; there was Pottel, that wags his tongue in the—I beg your Reverence's pardon! But, there! It's casting pearls before swine, not including your Reverence, of course." He shook himself and stepped back. "That boy's a good boy," he persisted—"like all the rest. It's the edification"—he meant education—"does it."

"A boy can be edified, and go wrong all the same!" cried Slimmer. "To say a boy can't go wrong 'cause he's been taught different isn't argument."

"Isn't argymt? Isn't argymt?" stuttered Stott.

"No, brother, no; it isn't argument," said the Minister. He was still rubbing. Occasionally he stopped, but then, in sheer stickiness, began again.

"Isn't argymt?" cried Stott, purple in the face, falling back and staring at the lot of them. "And, pray, what does the Scripture mean, your Reverence, when it says: 'Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, when he is old—'" He floundered. Nobody helped him out.

"That boy isn't old," objected the argumentative Slimmer.

"You say it, Koos—" Stott pushed the child forward.

"He will not depart from it," said the charity-child.

"The devil can quote Scripture to his purpose," remarked the Baas sententiously. And the servants all hee-hawed with delight at their master's 'cuteness. Oh, he was 'cute, was old Slimmer. Better not 'argy' with him.

"But he can't change it," retorted Stott triumphantly. He had his triumph, if it was one, all to himself. Slimmer's servants understood only Slimmer's successes. And the Minister disapproved, as unprofessional, of theological discussions, in his presence, by members of his flock.

"These children," continued the pork-butcher, Elder, and poor-guardian, unabashed, "have been brought up in the path. They were never whipped, but they were told it was the path, and so they couldn't depart from it. See this boy say his text pat! He's a good boy or the Bible is wrong, Minister. You can't get away from that!"

"H'm! H'm!" said the Minister.

"Now which is it to be, your Reverence?"

Slimmer came to his pastor's rescue. "The Bible isn't argymt," he said.

"You're an infidel," responded the Elder. "It's rank blasphemy to hear you talk, and his Reverence standing by. Now, the children that's brought up in *your* house"—he pointed a fat finger at Tony, who had ventured forward, open-mouthed, and now hastily retreated—"if *they* was to go losing their bearings, it wouldn't be—"

"You leave that child alone!" burst out the grandfather, suddenly infuriated. "That child's been brought up by an angel in heaven." His voice faltered. "If that child isn't as good as gold, then your Bible is *wrong*," he said.

"Hush, hush!" interposed the Minister. There was no use surely in continuing the Visitation. He lifted his hands for the benediction and passed majestically out. A titter ran behind him.

"I'd better take this boy along with me, as he doesn't suit," said the Elder, pausing near the doorway. The boy's heart gave a leap.

"And who's to pay me for the damage he's done?" demanded Slimmer. He pointed to the chair. "My mother's chair," he said solemnly. "She stitched every stitch of it herself."

"The pretty doves with the olive-branch," said the sorrowing Vrouw.

"They'll think it's the Flood, begun over again," replied the heartless Elder. He reflected: the place

was a good one; the couple worthy, in spite of the husband's fierce manner at times. "I'll leave him with you," he said measuredly, "if you'll promise not to ill-treat him. I'll leave him with you a whole month, to work off the damage, and that's handsome, for if he done it, he done it by accident, and no harm intended. And, at the end of that month, you'll tell me he's a good boy, and then"—he threw out his chest—"then we'll *know* who was right!" He waved his hand to the Vrouw. "I can trust *you*," he said. "Slimmer is cranky, and his religion isn't orthodox. But you'll do the right thing by me and the boy, and the blessed Bible, and you won't say he's a bad boy, when he isn't."

"Well, brother?" queried the Minister, turning back to the door.

"Coming, your Reverence. Is it a bargain, Vrouw?"

The boy was a strong boy and a willing. "I'll keep him a month," said Slimmer, nodding. "And if he's a good boy all the time—well, that's argymt." He walked out after the Minister, showing him respectfully across the yard.

"It was *his* imp. I saw it myself," whispered Miekien to Piet.

"Hold your tongue. 'Tis as much as your place is worth," answered Piet. "See how the master burst out when they talked about his daughter!"

For, indeed, all that was happiest in Hendrik Slimmer had been put away, a few months ago, in his darling daughter's grave. All her life she had done what he wanted her to do, excepting in the important case of her marriage, and then he had argued himself into accepting her point of view. It had taken him three months, but he had done it. It was natural, after all, that a girl should love a smart young soldier: it was reasonable that the soldier should carry her off to the Indies. It wasn't illogical that he, being a brave man, should fall there in battle, dying a hero's death. The widow need not have followed him within a year, consigning her only boy to her parents. Still, even that was like the dear, fond, beautiful creature. She could do no wrong, and whatever she stood responsible for, including Tony, must be reasoned out right. Thus it was that a couple of hours after the Minister had left, Baas Slimmer stamped about the courtyard, meeting Stott's base insinuation of possible error in the immaculate grandchild with an ever-increasingly vehement "No!"

"Imagine!" he said to Vrouw Slimmer. "Comparing Katrina's child with a ne'er-do-well parish waif!"

"But he *was* strong," objected the wife, frowning heavily, "with his Bible argymt."

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried the exasperated farmer. "I tell you the Bible *isn't* argymt. The Bible's religion. 'The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.' *That's* common-sense. I've been thinking it out ever since the Minister went. That's proverbs, and proverbs is the aggravated wisdom of the centuries, as I read the other day, and it's very true!"

"Is it Bible proverbs?" asked the good wife anxiously.

"No, it's not. It's just human reasoning. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree."

"But the other must be true, if it's in the Bible," said the Vrouw.

He exploded at female perversity, and strode up and down, kicking his feet right and left, so that the fowls scurried away all around him.

"Then the boy didn't lie about not having done it? he cried. "And he didn't confess afterwards that he had? And he didn't put the egg into the Minister's chair, making us a scandal and a disgrace, with our Visitation, all over the village? Oh, you old women, Stott and you!"

"We shall soon see what he's made of," she said, troubled.

He came back to her. "We shall indeed," he said, dropping his voice. "Off he goes in half-an-hour, or I'm much mistaken. I've given him a big bag of apples to count. There, count 'em, I says; 'I don't know how many there are.' But I *do* know. There's two hundred and thirteen. There'll not be more than two hundred and twelve, I guess, in that sack, when he brings it round to me."

"Oh, is that fair?" she exclaimed.

"Fair? It's what they call a Jew-dicial inquiry. Proof positive of Elder Stott's upbringing—yah! Do you think I'm going to be beaten in an argymt by Elder Stott? D'y'e think"—he came and stood in front of her—"there's a soul in the village don't know I can argy better than Elder Stott? Where'd I be—tell me that," he cried, "if I was beaten in an argymt by Elder Stott?"

"You can't beat the Bible," she said stolidly.

"A pork-butcher," he answered, "Yah!"

"And they do bring up the children as good as gold," she added.

"I do believe you want the boy to prove an angel," he said.

"Yes, I do. Poor little orphan chap!"

At this moment the youth in question appeared in the door of an outhouse and advanced, stumbling under the weight of his bulgy sack.

"Come along!" cried the farmer. "Come here, Koos! Put it down, boy. Put it down. Now, how many apples are there in that sack?"

The boy thrust his burden from him and waited a moment, gasping for breath.

"Now then, speak up!" cried the farmer triumphantly. "And let me tell you beforehand that I know!"

"If you know, why must I tell you?" said Koos.

"None of your lip to me!" cried Slimmer. "You answer me immediately! Now?"

"There's two hundred and thirteen. I counted 'em three times," said Koos.

"Aha!" exclaimed the Vrouw. Her husband turned on her. "Hold your tongue, you fool!"

The boy looked surprised. "Tony helped me to count," he said.

"Aha!"—it was the farmer's turn, a great deal louder than his wife. His little plan of proof had failed, but no

wonder. Frustrated by the presence of that innocent child. "Very well!" he said with dignity. "Very well. Go away now, and do something else."

"And what am I to do, please, master?"

"Ask Piet," said the Baas, collecting his thoughts.

"Go and clean yourself for dinner," said the farm-wife. The boy slouched away.

"Please, Baas, I want a word with you!" spoke Miekien. She was scarlet in the face, but, then, she was always that. Her manner, however, betokened unusual agitation.

"Be quick, then! I don't want to be bothered."

"Piet says it's as much as my place is worth, but I can't help it. I can't stand by and see the innocent respected." (Suspected, she meant.)

"You mind your own business, Miekien!"

"Why, isn't this a Jew-dicial inquiry?" cried the Vrouw. Her curiosity was eager for a cue.

"It was Tony put the egg down: I saw him do it," gasped the maid.

There was a moment's silence. Then the Baas said—"I don't believe it."

"I can prove it," cried Miekien.

"If it's proved, I must believe it," cried Slimmer.

"For Piet saw him too," said the maid. "And so did Koos, for the matter of that."

"Well, after all, it was only a bit of mischief, in the child," began the Vrouw. "He didn't mean no serious harm. And an egg's a very tempting thing, for a bit of mischief, for any child, and so it is!"

"Go, Miekien," said the farmer, with averted face.

"Go, tidy yourself for your dinner."

"And you come too, Baas," said the wife.

"No, no, I don't want any dinner."

"What nonsense, man!"

"I can't see Tony!" Immediately her manner changed. "Why, husband?" She came close beside him.

"It's not his playing a trick, though I couldn't have done that at his age. But it's his letting us think it was the other boy."

"Why, he's only a child. He was afraid."

"His mother's son couldn't tell a lie, and his father's son wouldn't be afraid. The apple doesn't fall—"

"Oh, you argyfy and argyfy!" cried the Vrouw.

"You should stick to your Bible, Slimmer!"

"What?" he exclaimed, exasperated. "You take Stott's side? That's the worst of all. Stott is right, then, and I am wrong?"

"The boy's a good boy, sure enough; he wouldn't tell of Tony. I'll remember that." She nodded meaningly.

"And Stott is right when he argyifies that Katrina's child—"

She laughed aloud. "No, he's wrong; don't you see that, stupid? For that child has been trained by an angel, as you said. All the same, he ain't a saint."

"But I'm just as wrong as he," cried Slimmer, "for the apple—"

She put up both hands to her ears. "Oh, you argyfy, and argyfy till you're crazed," she said.

Something plucked at her gown.

"Please, grandmother! Please, grandfather!"

said a feeble voice. Master Tony stepped in front of the couple. His manner was determined, though his colour was faint. "Please, grandfather, I put the egg there," said Tony, and closed his eyes, awaiting his fate.

"Oh, Tony, how could you be so careless!" cried the condoning Vrouw.

"No, I did it on purpose," said Tony.

"But what for?" demanded his grandfather.

"For fun."

"I don't understand," said Slimmer.

"I do," said the helpful Vrouw.

"But, then, why do you come and tell us now?"

persisted the grandfather. "Did Miekien advise you to?"

"Miekien? No; I came of myself," replied the young man proudly. "I remembered what mother always used to say."

"What did she say?" asked the Vrouw, in a whisper.

"Be good if you can, and, if you can't, be honest," came the prompt reply. Radiant, the old woman drew the old man aside. "You'll believe the Bible next time," she said. He turned quickly to his grandson.

"Why didn't you be honest at once?" he said.

"I did try to speak, but grandmother wouldn't let me. So I thought I'd wait till the Minister was gone."

A pause.

"I stayed with Koos, so you couldn't hurt him," continued the child eagerly, "and I helped him with the apples, and I told him I was coming to tell you. And so I did."

Baas Slimmer gazed sternly at his little grandson. "You'll have to go and 'pologise to his Reverence, young man," he said. "And take a note from me to ask his Reverence to punish you as he thinks best."

"Yes, granfer," said Tony, with a gulp.

"I should think, in all probability, he'll give you a good beating." Tony was unable to express his feelings.

"Aren't you afraid to go?"

No answer.

"Say: aren't you afraid?"

"Yes, granfer. But mother said—" A dead stop.

The old Vrouw bent over him. "Well, Tony?"

"Mother said"—a sob—"that father always said,

'twasn't no shame being afraid, but"—another sob—"not doing things, because you was."

"And you think so too, Tony?"

"I'm going to be like father was."

Old Slimmer caught his grandson's arm in a grip that made the young hero squeal. "Now," he turned to his wife with fierce joy, "was I right or was I wrong? An apple—"

"Oh, you argyfy—" smiled the farm-wife.

"I don't argyfy," replied her husband impressively.

"I never argyfy. I goes by proof."





"MISTLETOE."

FROM THE PAINTING BY FANNETT.



FAIRY STORIES BY PHOTOGRAPHY: GRIMM ILLUSTRATED.



THE LITTLE BROTHER AND SISTER: THE LITTLE SISTER PLACING HER GOLDEN GARTER ROUND HER BROTHER'S NECK.

It came about that a little brother and sister wandered through the forest from their wicked step-mother, who followed them, and cast a spell upon the springs and streams. The little brother stooped to drink, when his sister heard in the babbling of the brook, "Whoever drinks of me a tiger will be." So she besought her brother not to drink. The next spring spoke, "Who drinks of me a wolf will be." And again the sister bade her brother wait. From the third streamlet came the words, "Who drinks of me a stag will be." Here the little brother's thirst became so great that he would drink, and the moment the water touched

his lips he became a fawn. Then the little sister took off her golden garter, and placed it round the fawn's neck as a collar. One day afterwards a King and his huntsmen saw the beautiful fawn, and hunted him from morn to night, and followed him into the cottage in which the little sister lived. The King was so enamoured with the girl's beauty that he besought her hand in marriage, and she went with him to his castle, and the fawn with her. Then, one day the step-mother came to the castle, and the King, learning of her cruelty, had her burnt. As she died, the spell she had cast was removed, and the fawn became a boy again.

SETTING BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"; PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS GLADYS ARCHBUTT BY BASSANO.



FAIRY STORIES BY PHOTOGRAPHY: GRIMM ILLUSTRATED.



HANSEL AND GRETHEL EATING THE ROOF AND WINDOW OF THE LITTLE HUT.

There were once a wood-cutter and his wife who were so poor that one day the man took his son, Hansel, and his adopted daughter, Gretel, into the forest, seeking to lose them, for he could support them no longer; but the children overheard the plan, and, as they went, the boy marked the way by dropping stones from his pocket. So they came home again. Then, once more, the wood-cutter set out to lose them, and once more the children marked the road, but this time they used bread instead of stones, and the birds ate the bread, and they were truly lost. On the third day of their wanderings they came upon a little hut made of bread, with a

roof of cake, and windows of barley-sugar, and they sat down and ate. The owner of this house was a wicked fairy, who used her home as a trap for children. Yet the boy and girl managed to escape, and took with them the fairy's wand. With the aid of this, they were able to change themselves into many things, and so escape the pursuer, but in the end the fairy found them, took the wand again, and with it turned Hansel into a stag. Then, after many days, a King fell in love with Gretel, captured the witch, and brought her to his castle. There he compelled the wicked fairy to change the stag into Hansel; and the King married Gretel and all lived happily ever after.

SETTING BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"; PHOTOGRAPHS OF MISS DORIS COOPER (GRETHEL) AND MISS GLADYS COOPER (HANSEL) BY BASSANO.





"Caught at the Post."

FROM THE PAINTING BY LAWSON WOOD.



FAIRY STORIES BY PHOTOGRAPHY: GRIMM ILLUSTRATED.



THE PRINCE CLIMBING THE GOLDEN LADDER OF RAPUNZEL'S HAIR.

Once upon a time there lived a poor man and a poor woman, and the woman, coveting the fine lettuces in a sorceress's garden, bade her husband fetch some of them. Now, the sorceress caught the man thieving, but released him on condition that his baby-girl should be given her. This child the witch called Rapunzel, and, as soon as she reached the age of twelve, locked her up in a high tower that had no door, and only one window. When the sorceress wished to enter the tower she stood beneath this window, and croaked "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down thy hair that I may climb without a stair," and the beautiful child would unbind

her golden tresses, so that the locks hung down the walls of her prison. One day a King's son came into the forest, and saw the witch's strange stairway. Next day he came to the tower again, and sang the rhyme he had heard. In answer to it, the golden ladder was let down, and the Prince climbed up. Love came at first sight, and the pair arranged to escape together. The witch, however, learnt of the Prince's visit, banished Rapunzel, and caused her lover to be blinded. So for a year he wandered in misery. Then he came upon Rapunzel, and her tears, falling upon his eyes, gave him sight. Thus the two were enabled to travel to the Prince's country.



FAIRY STORIES BY PHOTOGRAPHY: GRIMM ILLUSTRATED.



THE GOOSE GIRL LISTENING TO FALADA'S HEAD.

A King's daughter rode forth to meet her bridegroom, and with her rode a waiting-maid. The journey had scarce begun when the servant enforced her commands upon her mistress, and at last even compelled her to exchange horses with her, and to give her her regal dress. Thus, when the two came to the castle, the waiting-maid was hailed as the Prince's bride, while the poor Princess was sent to mind geese. Now, Falada, the Princess's horse, could speak, and the false waiting-maid, fearing that it would tell her story, had it killed and its head nailed

over a door through which the geese were driven every day. So it came that when the Princess came to the door the horse spoke to her, and this happened several times. Then the Goose Girl's little companion told the King of these strange happenings, and bade the Goose Girl complain of her troubles to an iron chest. He, meantime, stood behind the closed door listening; and he found that the Goose Girl was, indeed, the Princess. So the false Princess was condemned to be torn to pieces by wild horses, and rolled down a hill in a cask full of spikes till she was dead.





"WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."

FROM THE PAINTING BY PERCY F. SPENCE.



## RIEN NE VA PLUS

by CARLTON DAWE.

ILLUSTRATED BY L. DAVIEL.

PERHAPS the one and only true republic of the world will be found at Monte Carlo, and what one means by Monte Carlo is not the Principality as a Principality, but the Casino in which the games of chance are played. There all men meet on a common footing, Prince or blackguard being given equal facilities to dispose of his ill-gotten gains. No questions of a moral character ever shock the fastidious or appal the guilty. All men are equal—or, at least, outwardly so—in the eyes of the administration, and Chance alone is King. The people whose doings are chronicled with a wealth of minute detail in the daily and weekly Press are here subjected to a pitiless democratic levelling. Indeed, one often wonders if yonder neglected individual is really the great Duke of Worcester, the man who is such a tremendous big-wig "at home"; or if that stout, elderly, painted and dyed woman who waddles from table to table is really his wife, the Duchess whose curling-tongs and bedroom slippers are photographed in all the illustrateds.

If anyone ever had the slightest doubt of our common origin a sojourn in the rooms would soon rid him of it. And in a manner this is somewhat pleasing to him of simple tastes, though at the same time it is liable to lead him into difficulties. As a rule, it is the label which more or less describes the contents of the bottle. The inference is obvious.

If one were given to conjecture, the crowded rooms on any afternoon or evening in February or March would offer abundant opportunity for an exercise of that quality. But as a rule the only speculation is at the tables. The person next to you may be a Grand Duke or a Grand Rogue. It matters nothing. You care as much for the one as for the other. You have eyes for nothing but the flying marble or the flashing card. Your world is that little strip of green cloth with its cabalistic figures.

And yet occasionally some of us have eyes for other things, though, as a rule, it is not until we have pretty well worked off all our superfluous cash.

I was not quite certain when she took the vacant seat beside me, but I knew it was a woman by the rustle of her skirts, and presently by a subtle and most delicious odour of violets. First of all I looked at her hands. They were daintily gloved in long white kid. One hand was toying with a gold-bag. Beneath her breath she uttered a slight exclamation of annoyance as her stakes were swept away. As mine went at the same time it seemed to establish a kind of confraternity between us. I looked up, a rather lame smile on my face, and encountered a pair of wondrous grey eyes and a pouting mouth.

"Bother!" she said. I felt like using a stronger expletive.

"Messieurs, faites vos jeux," droned the croupier in that exasperatingly impassive style of his. He raked in one's losses or paid out one's winnings with a philosophic calm which jangled the tense nerves.

She hurriedly undid her bag and flung a five-hundred franc note to the nearest croupier. Evidently knowing her, he returned the change in gold. She plastered about half of it round *quatorze*. I put a modest louis

on the *transverse* 10 to 15. Thirty-two turned up, and the rake whipped our little pile into the maw of the bank.

"Bother!" I repeated, as I looked at her. She almost smiled, but the full mouth was pouting perceptibly. I watched her gloved fingers playing a little irritably with the remainder of her five-hundred-franc note.

"After thirty-two, zero," I said, and flung a louis on the space at the top of the table. She uttered a little odd, contemptuous laugh—a laugh which seemed to say, "Well, what does it matter where one puts one's money?" But she followed my lead with a louis. Then, on second thoughts, she gathered up the

her winnings. In the hour of defeat she seemed very human, but in this moment of victory the battle lost all interest for her.

As the pile of notes and gold was pushed across to her I ventured to remark that mine had been a lucky thought.

"Very," she said, and there her appreciation ended. I suppose it was human of me to think she might have shown a little more interest or gratitude. Not that it was gratitude I wanted. Perhaps she knew this.

She doubled her stakes, hoping for a repeat. I was not so sanguine, but took a sporting chance on thirty-two. I saw her eyes follow my louis, but I suppose a sort of gambler's pride forbade her following my lead a second time. I, however, had noticed that the turner was throwing *voisins*, and when such is the case there is always a chance of catching him.

Again came the quick, sharp "*Rien ne va plus*." For the fraction of a second the marble seemed to hang over the zero; then it slowly rolled into 32.

"*Trente-deux*," droned the croupier, "*rouge, pair et passe*."

"You're in luck," she said.

"I should like to think so. Why didn't you back it?"

"What does it matter?"

Her English was admirable, with just the slightest suspicion of an accent which appeared to be conveyed more by gesture than by speech.

"Not much. It one plays long enough the end will be the same."

"It amuses."

"Without attempting to instruct."

"I hate being instructed."

"It is a bore."

She smiled. "Still, one does not like being beaten."

"And yet we know it will beat us."

This remark was called forth by observing the reckless manner in which she began to stake for the next *coup*.

"Well, you know, we must all be beaten in the end: if not by roulette, then by something much more serious. And it is decidedly interesting—while it lasts."

"You're in luck," she said.

"But we all prefer to win—even at roulette."

"I suppose so."

And yet, to mark the indifference with which she plunged, one would have thought that the winning or losing of large sums did not come into her count of things.

In a very brief period she dissipated the little pile she had so lately accumulated, and then, and not till then, did the old look of annoyance return to her face.

"Cleaned out?" I suggested.

"Not a five-franc piece left," she replied.

"May I—"

"Oh, no; thank you!" This very sharply, with a lifting of the head and a straightening of the shoulders.

"Pardon me. I did not mean to offend."

She smiled at my evident deep contrition. "Of course you did not."

"You are not angry?"

"Not in the least. Why should I be?"

"I was only afraid."

"It was very kind of you, but, do you know, a little unwise."





I could not tell her that I was perfectly willing to be unwise for her sake, though had she been looking into my face, instead of staring vacantly across the table, she might have read the words there plain enough.

"Let me assure you that I do not think so."

"But I am a stranger."

Some thought seemed to amuse her, for as she turned to me eyes and mouth were smiling. I thought those eyes the prettiest in the world. The mouth was singularly tantalising.

"That is no reason why you should always be."

The brows went up ever so slightly. I felt that my tactics lacked decorum.

"Really, you know, I'm afraid we do not understand each other."

"And you think me impertinent? If I have given you such an impression I must be the most stupid creature in the world."

All this while the game rattled on and the punters fought desperate battles with fate. I saw that same amused smile play round the corners of her mouth, and in spite of my presumption I almost thought she was enjoying the incident. Occasionally, as my eyes swept across the table, I encountered the glances of the chef and the croupier opposite, but I was too preoccupied with my own thoughts to take much notice of them. Had I been more observant, or not so full of myself, I might have read a meaning in their looks which would have given me pause. But truly I saw nothing save those wondrous grey eyes, heard nothing but the low, slightly amused tones of the woman beside me.

She lingered for two more *coups*, on both of which I won slightly. Then she pushed back her chair.

"You have really finished?"

"*Rien ne va plus*," she answered with a smile. It was the old cry of the tables, and it might have meant something more to one who had the perception to read it. With her going went all my interest in the game, and shortly after I, too, quitted the table.

For the rest of that afternoon I haunted the rooms in the hope of catching a further glimpse of her, but all to no purpose; nor that evening did she put in an appearance, and as a consequence the place held no attraction for me. I scarcely know how greatly I dared to hope, but that I became possessed of an intense longing to see her again was indubitable. That half-amused and perfectly satisfied smile of hers piqued me curiously. Her indifference to the way the game went was likewise a source of speculation. Women, as a rule, are keen gamblers who betray their keenness in every word and gesture. Yet here was one who bore with the utmost equanimity every slap in the face that fate chose to inflict. It followed, then, that the love of money was not the chief cause of her presence at the tables. And a woman who did not love money was a phenomenon.

In the hope that I might see her again I was up early—that is, early for Monte Carlo—and out on the Terrace shortly after ten o'clock; but with the exception of the solitary guardian I had the sea and the trees to myself. Then I walked round and round the grounds in the hope that I might come upon her in some quiet nook (one must dream even in a practical world), but when I did eventually see her it was on the open space before the Café de Paris. At first I was not sure, she was dressed so simply—that is, by comparison with the woman who had played away her last coin on the previous afternoon. Her plain linen skirt was short, and evidently donned for comfort in walking. She carried a cane in her hand, and I noticed that her shoes were stoutly made. With her was a woman some forty-five years of age, whose hair was beginning to turn grey at the temples: a rather pleasant-looking woman in spite of her blown appearance. She also carried a cane, on which at times she seemed to lean heavily. It was fairly obvious that the two had been for a constitutional, and that the elder woman had reached that stage when enjoyment becomes a fatigue.

As I presented myself before them, hat in hand, both ladies opened wide their eyes in astonishment. Ordinarily I may remark that I am one of the most diffident of men, but in some extraordinary manner my diffidence vanished at the thought of once more gazing into the eyes of my divinity. Certainly she looked very fresh and lovely after her tramp—so bewitching, indeed, that I almost ignored the look of astonishment in her wide eyes.

"You have forgotten me?" I ventured, not a little abashed now that I was actually face to face with her, and yet determined to see the thing through. The ghost of a smile played round her tantalising mouth.

"Did I ever know you, Monsieur?" She spoke in French, and so distinctly that I felt as though the earth were opening suddenly at my feet.

"Well, I suppose not—that is, not exactly. But in a way I thought we were acquainted. My fault, my presumption." If that head would only lower a little, those eyes lose something of their coldly insistent stare.

"Who is this gentleman?" asked the elderly lady, looking at me with some suspicion and speaking with a German accent.

"My dear Marie, I haven't the slightest idea. You see, the gentleman never condescended to tell me his name."

Good-humour lurked round the sweet mouth; those bright eyes were enjoying the curious solemnity of my face.

"Let me make good the omission," and I held out my card.

The two women exchanged a quick glance; then she who had been called Marie advanced a step and took the card from me. This she held out at arm's length, screwing up her eyes in the most grotesque manner.

"Give it to me," said Grey Eyes; "it's no use your pretending to read without glasses."

"My dear, how can you!" protested the other.

"You know perfectly well that I'm only tired."

"Of course you are, dear." But those radiant eyes were smiling all the time. "Mr. John Mordaunt," she continued, reading the card. "No, I do not think I know Mr. John Mordaunt."

"Pardon. That is scarcely a reason why you should not."

"But is it a reason why I should?"

"If I were anyone else, I should say I think it is. I am sure you will understand and appreciate the difficulty of a modest man having to blow his own trumpet."

"You do it with no ill grace, Monsieur."

"At all events, Madame, I approach you with respectful sincerity, and I beg of you not to think me presumptuous."

The eyes were smiling again, but not so quizzingly, I thought. There was humour, too, about the mouth, and a loveliness of which I was growing every moment more enamoured.

"Still," said the elderly lady, "this is most unusual, Monsieur; and I doubt if her—" Grey Eyes flashed a look on her, and she stammered a little suspiciously. "I doubt if we should sanction promiscuous acquaintance," she added lamely.

"Believe me, Madame, I am not unmindful of your consideration. It is wrong of me to force myself upon you, and I hasten to offer a most humble apology." With that I raised my hat and turned to go.

"Mr. Mordaunt!"

"Madame!"

"I am not in the least offended. Indeed I think you have been consideration itself. Only I am sure you will admit that our introduction was a little casual."

"May I hope that



I presented myself before them, hat in hand.

turned away. They disappeared in the direction of the Hermitage; I went off to my hotel and *déjeuner*.

That my scheme had resulted so disastrously caused me no little annoyance, for without doubt I was more than anxious to cultivate the acquaintance of that delightful woman. I had even dreamt with the ardour of a youth of twenty. It was all foolishness, of course. Again and again I repeated that fact to myself for fear I should forget it; and yet its repetition seemed but to confuse a possible issue. Not for an instant did I think of her as a lightly made acquaintance. Her manner was natural and unaffected, with just a suspicion of hauteur somewhere in the background. But I fancied annoyance would harden those grey eyes, anger curl that tantalising mouth to a contempt which I would rather not experience.

Phew! I tried to blow away the fancies with a whiff of my after-*déjeuner* cigarette. Was I to waste my life in dreams? "*Rien ne va plus*," the croupier had droned. Well, every game had to stop some time or other—even the Great Game of Life.

And yet I knew it was only the hope of seeing her again which drew me to the Casino that afternoon,

though as I walked from table to table I tried to tell myself that I wasn't looking for her at all, that I should pretend not to see her even if we met. After all, I was not a pariah; and who was she anyway, she and her old maid Marie? Strange I had never asked myself that question before. I suppose it was because from the first moment of my speaking to her she had impressed me with being what we call the "right thing." There is no mistaking it. It is a label which the right people always display to advantage.

That afternoon in the crowded rooms was one of the dearest I have ever spent in my life. I now know the reason, though then I was too angry to ask myself. But the gloom of the evening was relieved by a sudden flash of light. She passed with Marie and another woman, a couple of foreign-looking men following in her train. The flash of light was the smile she gave me. She looked wondrously handsome and happy, and though not over-dressed, was yet gowned superbly. I went out on the Terrace, ostensibly to smoke a cigarette in the open; but the moon was on the sea and the stars were twinkling in the infinite. And there and then the moon and the stars and I exchanged confidences.

On the following afternoon I found her at the tables. Indeed, she was sitting in the very seat she had occupied on the occasion of our first meeting. For a little while I stood gazing at her, she being oblivious of my presence. One, two, three *coups* she lost with that same imperturbability which I ever associated with her, and I was just on the point of turning away when she looked up and our eyes met. Instantly recognising me, she smiled and bowed, and as at that moment the man at her side vacated his chair, she marked it and nodded for me to join her. I accepted the invitation with almost humorous avidity.

"Come and bring me good luck," she said.

"I can't touch a thing."

"Is it so bad as that?"

"Oh, so, so! Not that it really matters; only I hate being beaten."

"The unaccustomed surprises?"

"What makes you say that?"

"Only that I should think you had not grown accustomed to being beaten. It is really nothing when you are used to it." And I tried to look as though I knew all about it.

"Perhaps you were never wider of the mark," she replied. "But tell me, what's coming now?"

"I wish I could."

"Then you have lost those wonderful powers of prescience?"

"If I ever had them."

She pouted. "And I hoped you could help me."

"And I am conscious of requiring help."

She was sitting in front of number 16, but some contrary fate prevailed upon her to stake round 29. Sixteen came up.

"Did you notice that?"

"What?" she asked.

"Our fate is always in our lap, only some inscrutable destiny prevents our seeing it."

"Cryptic," she muttered, but she smiled and continued her game. Then her last two louis went in a vain attempt to stem adversity. She looked into her bag. There was not a coin left. "Not enough for a cup of tea," she added regretfully.

"Dare I offend a second time? Will you take tea with me?"

She hesitated, but only for a moment.

"I shall be delighted. Only let us get out of this. The atmosphere is intolerable."

I suggested the Café de Paris and she agreed. On the steps outside we met Madame Marie, who was hurrying into the Casino. Upon recognising me I was honoured with a frigid bow. However, that did not concern me greatly. I even had hopes of one day winning the confidence of this austere dame.

"Ah, there you are," cried my companion. "Mr. Mordaunt has kindly asked me to tea. I shall not play any more this afternoon."

"If Madame will also honour me?" I said. Marie

looked uncertain, but Grey Eyes cut in with a laugh.

"Of course she will, won't you, Marie? We are just going over to the Paris." And as we crossed the square she confided to me that Marie's mission had been to gather more money; hence that lady's hurried mounting of the Casino steps.

It did me good to see the healthy way my guests attacked the tea and cakes. Madame Marie may have had certain scruples about promiscuous acquaintances, but decidedly she had none in dispatching cakes and tea. As for the divinity with the grey eyes, she was just the most charming young woman a man could ever hope to entertain; and my absurd dreams were beginning to come again when a snorting automobile drew up quivering before the entrance. I saw a rather stout, florid-faced individual descend and come slowly towards us. I thought he fixed his eyes on our party with a pertinacity which was almost offensive. Indeed, I was just giving him back his stare with interest when Madame Marie rose hurriedly to her feet exclaiming, "The Duke!"

The florid one advanced to our table and looked at us, an amused smile on his face.

"Hullo, Louise," he said carelessly; "giving the tables a rest for five minutes?"

"Mr. Mordaunt kindly asked us to tea," Grey Eyes answered.

"Oh! Do I know him?"

"Let me present you. Mr. Mordaunt, this is my husband, the Archduke Rudolf of Detmold-Meningen."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Mordaunt," said the Archduke cordially.

"Thanks," I muttered; "awfully glad Will you have some tea?"

"Merci," he answered with a smile. "*Rien ne va plus*."

I looked at her. The phrase summed up the situation.

[THE END.]



FAIRY STORIES BY PHOTOGRAPHY: GRIMM ILLUSTRATED.



IN THE GLASS MOUNTAIN OF THE SEVEN RAVENS.

To a poor man who had seven sons was born a daughter so weakly that it was decided to baptise her at once, and her brothers were sent to fetch water. On their way they quarrelled and broke their pitcher, and so dared not return home. And their father, wearied of waiting for them, cursed them, saying: "I wish they were all ravens." On the instant his desire was fulfilled, and seven coal-black ravens flew over the house. Years passed, and the little girl grew in stature, in beauty, and in knowledge, and at last learned of the fate of her brothers. Then she set out to find them, and journeyed many days until she reached the glass mountain

in which they dwelt. In this she found a dwarf who asked her errand, invited her to await the ravens' return, and carried in the birds' dinner on seven little plates and in seven little cups. From each plate the little girl ate a crumb; from each glass she drank a little draught; into the last cup she let fall her ring. Then with a rush of wings the ravens entered, and the youngest, turning over his cup, found the ring. "Grant that our sister may be here," he said, "for then we shall be free." So, indeed, it happened, and the seven ravens became seven handsome youths.





THE PRINCE FINDING THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

At the christening of a great King's daughter twelve wise women were among the guests. Eleven of them endowed the child with a fairy gift, but before the twelfth could speak there entered a thirteenth, full of revenge because she had not been asked to the feast. "In her fifteenth year," she said, "the King's daughter shall prick her finger with a spindle and fall down dead." Then the twelfth spoke, saying that she could not undo the decree, but that she could soften it. "The King's daughter shall not die," she prophesied; "but a deep sleep shall fall upon her in which she shall remain for a hundred years." In course of time, the curse of the thirteenth wise woman came true. The Princess pricked her hand with a

spindle, and instantly fell asleep, as did all those around her. There sprang up, too, a hedge of thorns which encompassed the castle; and from that day grew the legend of the Sleeping Beauty. Many years passed, and a young Prince heard this story, and the hundred years had nearly come to an end. "I will see this beautiful Briar Rose," he boasted. And one day he reached the castle. As he did so the thorny hedge opened before him, and, passing through, he found the Sleeping Beauty. At a touch she opened her eyes and smiled upon him, and they went down together to the King and Queen, who had also awakened after their sleep of a hundred years, and plighted their troth one to another.

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SETTING BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"; PHOTOGRAPHS OF MISS GLADYS COOPER (THE PRINCE), MISS PAULINE CHASE (THE SLEEPING BEAUTY), AND THE MISSES DORIS COOPER, ANNY WEBSTER, DOLLY DUMBEY, AND GLADYS ARCHBUTT (ATTENDANTS), BY BASSANO.





# INTERRUPTED SPORT

BY WALTER F. GROGAN.  
Illustrated by W. RUSSELL FLINT.

THE Rocket coach swung down the incline, rattled along the level, valiantly charged the succeeding hill, and about midway to its summit elapsed into groaning, creaking, whip-cracking effort. There was a distinct dimming of the light that filtered through the mud-splashed windows, so perceptible that it was doubtful which would reach the top of Breadington Hill first—night or the coach.

I pulled the collar of my coat more snugly about my throat, plunged my hands into my pockets, yawned, and ostentatiously disposed myself for sleep. My only companion in the inside of the coach was a little ferret man in a grey frieze ulster, who by jerking, sneezing, fidgeting, and grunting, had effectually baulked me of sleep since our last baiting-place. On the outside of the coach were four bagmen and two or three red-cheeked maids going into service, as I imagined.

I had compassed as near an approach to sleep as I had made for hours, when my companion jerked a remark at me in a high, grating voice.

"There's a gallows on the top of the hill."

"Indeed!" I made answer, tetchily enough.

"Breadington Heath is a famous place for highwaymen."

"Indeed," I said again.

"We're close to it now." The little ferret man dropped the window with a rattle, letting in the frosty December air with a rush. The coach lights gleamed on the hedges, the little prickles of frost glinting back at us. Twilight was quickly slipping into night. The team, urged by the driver, broke into a trot and triumphantly brought the Rocket to the crest of the hill.

Suddenly a shout came from the cross-road on our right, a girl screamed loudly from the coach-roof, and the team were pulled up all of a scramble.

A horseman rode into the light of the coach-lamps. From my seat I could see his riding-boots, and his horse's chest—black, with a white blaze. The rest of rider and horse was in shadow.

"Is that the Rocket coach?"

"Yes," said the driver.

"Have you a doctor with you?"

I pricked up my ears at that.

"I dunno," said the driver cautiously.

"We're bagmen," volunteered a voice from the top of the coach.

"See he don't go on, Jack," the horseman directed to a companion, who, I afterwards found, had pulled his horse right across the road and so brought the coach to a stop. Then he rode to our window.

"Are you a doctor, Sir?" he asked me, ignoring the little ferret man.

"A surgeon," I answered.

"Can you come with us?"

"I am on my way to Exeter," I replied. In truth, I did not care much to go journeying with two chance acquaintances at night and in an unknown country.

"It is an urgent case. There will be a fee of twenty guineas."

"If I refuse?" I suggested. It seemed to me that he was carrying matters with a high hand. This I gathered more from his tone and manner than his words.

"I should, with all courtesy, have to insist." He permitted the wind to throw open his cloak. I saw the handle of a pistol. I shrugged my shoulders.

"I am persuaded," I said. I had a fancy that the little ferret man smiled at the horseman. His remarks about the gallows and highwaymen flashed across my mind. Possibly he was in collusion with them. And yet what harm can befall a poverty-stricken surgeon at the hands of highwaymen? A man who has nothing to lose may risk his all with a light heart.

"I knew that you would be touched by our appeal," the horseman said gravely.

I alighted. The second horseman reined back. The driver whipped up his team, and the coach rumbled and creaked and clattered into the night.

"Is the way far?" I asked.

"Nothing—a flea-bite—a beggarly ten miles."

I gasped.

"Am I to walk ten miles?" I cried. "This is rough usage, on my soul!"

The second horseman rode a little way down the cross-road, and reappeared with a led horse, saddled and bridled.

"Mount!" commanded the first horseman; and as I threw myself into the saddle he added, "You ride, Sir?"

"I was surgeon in the —th Dragoons," I replied.

"I am now on my way to carve out a practice in Exeter, where I have some little influence."

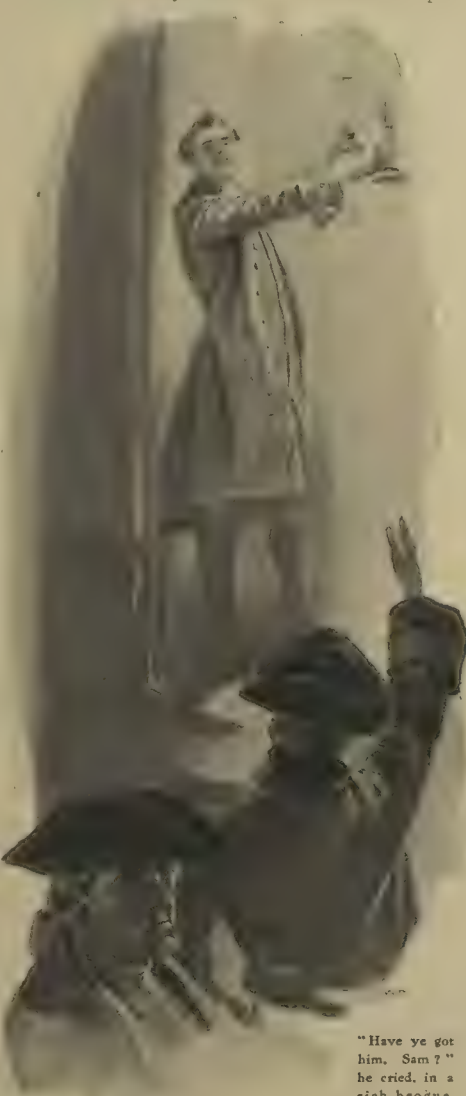
"H'm—a cavalry surgeon. So much the better," he commented.

Two more unsociable companions I have never met. For ten miles we floundered in the worst roads I have ever encountered. Yet, save for an occasional oath, they uttered no word. When the road admitted, they were on either side of me; when it narrowed, as more frequently it did, one rode ahead and the other dropped

behind. I plied them with questions, I jested, I inveighed against the roads, and I praised the horse I bestrode, in truth a brute of some mettle; but in no way could I shake either out of his taciturnity.

At length we came to a house of some pretensions through an avenue of fine trees which I took to be oaks. There were lights in many of the downstairs rooms winking out at us, but I could discover none above, so that I imagined the sick-room to be on the higher side. By this time I was calmed of my fears. Whatever my grim companions were, they were not highwaymen. The sight of so fine a house was also reassuring.

We made some clatter alighting, and before we could mount the steps the front door was thrown open.



"Have ye got him, Sam?" he cried, in a rich brogue.

Framed in the doorway was a young man, in puce coat and breeches, but wearing his own light hair unpowdered. In each hand he held aloft a massive silver candlestick. He was a little over six feet in height, and of a handsome, pleasing countenance.

"Have ye got him, Sam?" he cried, in a rich brogue. It was a rollicking voice, a voice to set you laughing, a voice that was full and round and seductive.

"Yes, Sir Phelim," the first horseman replied, whom I took to be a local squireen.

"Then to Lord Harry as soon as ye can! Ride loike the devil, Sam, both of ye! And give him the message I told ye of. And you, Sir, come right in," he added, addressing me for the first time. The others rode off at his request, and I entered the hall.

"Kick the door to, Sir, if conveyient to you. The night's cold. 'Twill be punch, eh? or buttered claret?" He stuck the candlesticks down on a black oak table in the hall with a bang that might have wakened the dead

or sent the living to eternal sleep. "Give it a name—and shure yourself, too, for devil a handle did Sam give you."

He threw open a door, and we were in a handsome card-room, brilliantly lighted. A footman was busied in one corner with a tray of glasses, but otherwise the room was empty.

"My name is Edward Weekes," I said.

"And mine's Phaylim O'Bourke, seventh baronet—there's an uncommon fatality in my family, for the title is no older than the Second James, and yet I'm the seventh. Here, lad," he broke off to shout at the footman, "bring me buttered claret!"

Sir Phelim settled himself near the roaring fire in an armchair, with a little table at his elbow, and motioned to me to draw up likewise. I confess that I was astounded at my reception. I had been stopped on a high road and brought across the worst country I ever encountered to, I was fully persuaded, a serious case. At least only a serious case could excuse the peremptory proceedings.

"But my patient, Sir Phelim?" I remonstrated.

"Your patient? Ah, he has no need of your help now, Mister Weekes. Draw up. D'ye play écarté?"

"Do you mean that he is dead?" I cried.

"I mane nothing of the sort. He is alive at present. Ye may prefer piquet?"

"But, Sir Phelim, if he is alive it would be well for me to see him at once. I gathered by the urgency of my summons that it was a serious case."

He stretched out his long legs to the fire, cast his eyes up to the ceiling, and sighed.

"Oh, it's sayrious enough, Mister Weekes."

"What is the matter—who is he?" I demanded.

The man's manner annoyed me. If his affection was as much engaged as his sigh suggested he should at least show more practical concern about the patient.

"The matter," Sir Phelim answered indolently, "is an affection of the heart with complications. And plague take me if I can tell ye who he is."

"Is he a stranger to you?"

"The best or the nearest friend I have. But he won't be ill until to-morrow morning. An' if ye hadn't been travelling by the Rocket belike he'd have been a well man for twenty-four hours longer. Ah, here's the buttered claret. Set it down, lad. Mister Weekes, a toast? Mistress Doreen!"

"But—" said I.

"Drink, Sir! I'll not have her name disregarded. And, faith, but for her ye wouldn't be here at all, so ye owe her something." He cocked his eye whimsically. "And I should say ye were not over-squeamish as to an excuse for a bumper."

I drank the toast as he requested, and, piqued by curiosity, drew a chair to the fire, as Sir Phelim suggested. Indeed, to humour my strange host seemed the only way by which to come to some understanding of the situation.

"Shure, that's better," Sir Phelim was pleased to smile at me very pleasantly. "Talking is dry work."

"Sir Phelim, I do not understand you," I said.

"There is no occasion ye should."

"And I understand less about my patient."

"Ah, well, it's not the patient ye should understand, but the disays. Have ye had much expayrience?"

"The heart, of course, is easy—" I commenced.

"There ye're wrong; it's mighty onaisy."

"I have been surgeon to the —th Dragoons," I continued.

"Then ye're the boy for me!" he exclaimed.

"For you? For your friend?"

"One or other of us."

"My patient—" I commenced.

"May be Phaylim O'Bourke," he said easily.

I sat up in my chair and gasped at him.

"It's a duel!" I cried.

"Just that! Sam Tirebrush and Jack Spendell have ridden over to Lord Harry Wimper to acquaint him of the fact of your prisence. Ye see, we've quarrelled with all the neighbouring Sawbones—a tetchy lot, Sir—and so were constrained to get Slim Abe to ride a stage with the Rocket every day for a wake. When he came across a doctor he was to let down the window with a rattle on coming to Breadington Hill. Sam and Jack waited there. Plaguey bad weather it's been, too."

"Then the little ferret man in the grey frieze—"

"Was Slim Abe—and, by the same token, a little of your way, being a horse-doctor. Here's another toast—Lord Harry Wimper, my greatest friend!"

His face lit up with an affectionate smile as he spoke.

"He is the man you are to meet?" I inquired.

"To-morrow morning! A lovable man, Mr. Weekes. We've been loike brothers for years."

"And yet you are to meet him!" I cried in amazement.

"Why not? It's a consolation to go out at the







# IN THE SPACIOUS DAYS OF QUEEN BESS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



PROCLAIMING A CHRISTMAS FAIR IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.



# CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

DRAWN BY J. R. SKELTON.



GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS: THE GHOSTS' TOILETTE.



# FORSAKEN MOUNTAIN

By SAMUEL H. ADAMS

Illustrated by Arthur H. Bockland.

A stone s-throw cut on either hand  
From that well-ordered road we tread,  
And all the world is wild and strange . . .

For we have reached the Oldest Land,  
Wherein the Powers of Darkness range.

—In the House of Suddhao.

SNOW, snow, snow. Steadily, pitilessly it had come down for a week. Not a train had run through to cheer our isolation. We hung to the warm, full-blooded world only by the slim nerve of the telegraph wire that stretched invisibly into the distances; Wayne and I; and to us there clung, avidly and desperately, by another reach of the metal thread, two more isolated than we. For around us cowered the little hamlet of Garrawold, while Mowbray and Jackson of the Government Survey's outpost on Forsaken Mountain reckoned us their nearest neighbours, and we were thirty-two miles across the frozen Montana highlands from the station where they had wearied through the winter in two-man loneliness.

The whiteness and silence had got on our nerves. And if it was hard on us, judge how much worse it was for that pair, winter-marooned as they were. Little enough chance did they give us to forget it. The wire kept hot and tingling with their irritation and complaints. Most often it was the crisp, staccato telegraphy of Mowbray, who was an expert operator.

"Coming down harder and faster than ever. Did you ever see such a curse of weather!" Then he would ramble off into speculations on the genealogy of the weather man.

Next, Jackson, the assistant, would take hold and send his less practised Morse stumbling along the wire. Queries were his way, mostly. "Clearing any down in your direction?" or "Get any weather news from East!" or, maybe a half-pitiful hope: "Can't be much more left, can there?"

One or the other of them was at it half the time, particularly in the evenings. It was all they had to do, you see, and strict attention to a telegraph-wire will sometimes keep a man from seeing and hearing things that aren't there. If you've ever spent weeks in a cut-off world keeping two-man watch, you'll know what I mean.

One noon, when Jackson had finished filtering out the morning's news—it concerned itself with his failure to shoot a storm-strayed bird with Mowbray's revolver, for they needed fresh meat—Wayne turned to me and opened a new line of inquiry.

"What kind of a duck do you figure this Jackson to be?"

We knew Mowbray pretty well, but neither of us had ever seen his companion. He had come to his post from somewhere West, dropping off a way-train on the further slope of the mountains, and since then the snow hadn't given him much chance to make any visits. So our acquaintance was wholly by wire.

"By his Morse he's a tenderfoot," I said, with the scorn of the newly adept for the amateur. "His o's are all broken up into double-e's, and his l's are so long that—"

"Don't I know that?" broke in Wayne. "What do you figure him to look and be? That's what I'm asking you."

"Well, that stutter of his on the wire means he's nervous. His touch is heavy; he's variable and uncertain, and he gets rattled if you break in. I seem to see a big, sloppy-built, sort of sour-faced chap who maybe mightn't be quite all there if you wanted him at a pinch. Probably I'm way off, but there's something queer about his tick-talk. Something besides inefficiency I mean."

"Think so?" said Wayne, looking at me hard. "I reckon perhaps you're right. From what I once heard he's a queer lot. It wasn't very definite, but there were drugs in it."

"Pleasant chum for a nervous bo' like Mowbray." "I'm for going up there to take a look if this old bliz ever breaks," remarked Wayne. "Someway there's something about the messages I don't just favour. Just a little smell of some trouble I don't quite savvy."

It was the eighth day, I think, of uninterrupted snow-fall—a Sunday morning—when the trouble began to take shape. Jackson called up early, and his introductory, "M-Q; M-Q; M-Q" was more pattering than usual.

"I'm sick," he ticked out painfully. "My head's all hot and wrong. My eyes ain't good, either." Then

and began to tick off the seconds like a trip-hammer. One minute—two minutes—three minutes; and I pictured at the other end of the slender steel wire two men tight-locked, who gripped at the living breath in each other's throats. I jumped as if shot when the wire resumed.

"Just went for me again. I had to hit him with the gun. Now he's sitting in his chair crying, and saying that he knew I wanted to murder him. What will I do? What will I do?"

Wayne went back at him with one word. "Crazy?" "Delirium, I reckon. Pretty high fever and his eyes are wild. He's got some stuff he says is medicine, and he takes it pretty steady. I can't get him to bed. He sits there across from me with his elbows on the table and his chin in his fists and just stares at me." So far the message had run clean. Now there was a sudden, startling splutter to the wire. "My God, boys, I can't stand this long! Can't you get a party through some way?"

Wayne and I looked at each other and then out into the wild blur of snow. "We'd be lost, ten rods from the shack," said I.

"No need to tell me that," said Wayne, and he wired: "Start as soon as ever we can. Old Man Winter has sat right down on the track, but I don't reckon he can keep set much longer without getting cramps. Give us a little leeway and we'll be there."

"That's all right, and thanks," Mowbray had control of himself again. "I knew it would be sure death to tackle the trip while she's coming down like this. If I can keep awake, we'll pull through O.K."

"Keep awake? What for? Better get some sleep."

"With him sitting there? What mightn't he do to himself—or me?"

"Well, keep us wise. We'll want to know how you come along."

"All right." Then, hesitatingly, "You wouldn't mind if I should call you up, maybe, in the night?" There was a long pause, and—"I'm frightened."

"Poor devil! Poor devil!" half-whispered Wayne. Striding over to the window, he stared vindictively into the white maelstrom. It only came down the swifter, so it seemed.

That evening we got our last message from the living Jackson.

"Help, help, help, help, help!"

That was all—those five stumbling, long-d-d, piteous appeals. Before we could make any move, Mowbray supplemented the message.

"He's worse. Been muttering and prowling all evening. Got to the wire while I was after water. Now he's back in his place with his chin in his fists, staring at me again." The wire

birred for a moment as if the hand at the key had been convulsed by a chill. "He's a devil from hell," it chattered.

Wayne and I looked at each another, aghast. "Mowbray too!" he said. "He's going the same way!"

I got to the instrument. "Steady, steady, old man!" I sent. "Get on to yourself. Remember he's a sick man. It's up to you to take care of him."

"Right." The response came a little more calmly, though the style was still strained and unnatural. "I won't let his eyes phase me again. But they're red and fiery inside."

"Bad business," commented Wayne hoarsely. In the middle of the night I heard the same remark from his bunk. I wondered what his picture of the shack on Forsaken Mountain might be. From the fact that he hadn't been asleep, I judged it might be a twin to mine.



Right in the midst of the word it broke off.

the hopeless question, grown sorrowful by iteration; "No signs of clearing yet, I suppose?"

"Nothing yet," I answered him. "Cheer up, old man. Better go to bed and have Mowbray give you a dose of whisky."

The answer gave me a jolt. "Mowbray can't touch me. I'm on to him. I don't want to die just yet."

"Let me have the wire," cried Wayne, and as I relinquished the button to him he sent a call for Mowbray, which presently got a reply. Wayne sent a brief query.

"Yes; Jackson's 'way off,' came back in Mowbray's nervous, clean-cut Morse. "Went off his head yesterday evening, and came for me with a chair. Had hard work standing him off. This morning he's been muttering about showing me up to you fellows, bu—"

Right in the midst of the word it broke off. Wayne and I came to our feet and stared at each other. The clock on the end wall put on extra pressure immediately,



Monday morning came with a rise of wind. That was hopeful; any change was hopeful. I wired this to Mowbray, but got no response. Nor to anything else. How bitter long that morning was! Not a tick could we get from the men on the mountain, though both of us tried, time and again. Then at three p.m. the wire went crazy.

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q," over and over again. Just our plain call, but oh, the sound of it!

Something there is in the electric current that carries not only the words but the spirit of the sender. Every operator knows this. Once I heard a message from a poor devil of a railroad dispatcher shot through the lungs, and each separate letter was like a throb of agony. Now, in the panic haste of Mowbray's call, I caught the note of a freezing, frenzied terror. To throw open the switch and answer was the work of a second, but when I closed for the message the call continued until my frazzled nerves rang with it. Wayne, who had been outside, came in at the leap.

"Who's that?" he exclaimed. "It ain't—yes, it is Mowbray. But what in Heaven's name is the matter with him!"

I threw up a hand. "Hush! It's coming." It came. How it rattled from the sounder, words fleeing in huddled fear from their own meaning!

"He's dead. Dead, I tell you. He sits there with his elbows on the table and his chin on his fists, staring at me. He don't speak. He don't move. He don't breathe. He's dead and his eyes are open and they burn like fire." *M-Q; M-Q; M-Q; M-Q.* "Can't you answer? For the love of pitying Heaven, come and get me!" The wire wailed and clacked into silence like a sick man's weeping.

My fingers slipped from the key, cramped and nerveless.

"You do it," I said to Wayne. "I can't."

As he ticked off his message his hand shook so that I should never have recognised the work.

"Pull yourself together, old man," he wired. "We'll stick by you. We're right here. Keep up your nerve. Perhaps he isn't dead. If he was he couldn't hold his head up. He's only unconscious."

"No—no—no." The words fairly sprang from the sounder. "He's dead. He's waiting for me to touch him. Then he'll grab me with those stiff arms of his and drag me down to hell with him."

"Now, Mowbray. Now, old fellow," soothed Wayne. "Don't you go getting notions. You just shut your eyes so you can't see him, and stick to the key while I talk to you."

As he rattled it out he whirled on me and fiercely whispered—whispered, mind you, for fear he'd be heard by that poor, haunted creature thirty miles away and more—"Quick! Tell me what to say to him."

What it was I told him, what it was he put on the wire, I have mercifully forgotten.

In the knowledge that we were fighting for a friend's reason against a horror that I dared not picture, my brain went blank, and I think I babbled. Soon Mowbray began again.

"Dead—dead—dead. I saw him die. He cursed me and said, 'Mowbray, I won't go alone.' Then there was a click in his throat and the life went out. All but his eyes. They're burning me now. May the God of all the Devils— and the message tailed off into horrible, vacuous blasphemies.

All that afternoon we two, spell and spell, toiled and sweated over the wire pouring out our feeble encouragements. From time to time we would get a reply; always the same reply.

"He died cursing me. 'I'll not go alone, Mowbray.' That's what he said. Lord of pity! what had I ever done? What had I ever done?"

It was a message of Wayne's that for a moment got him on another trail.

"I can't think; can't, I tell you," he replied to Wayne's plea. "I can't pray, either. I tried. If only I had a Bible." Then—"That's what he said, just before he died. 'I'll not go alone.'"

Wayne cut off. "Get out your Bible!" he shouted at me. "Not get any?" He cursed savagely. "Hustle for one, then. Try Stack's wife. Women usually—"

Before he got any further I was out of the door. When I returned, it was with a frayed old King James, and the only three able-bodied grown men in the settlement. For three hours thereafter four grey-faced creatures pored over the Book of Comfort copying out texts for a fifth man to translate into code and put on the wire. Of us five in that room Jim Harting was an outlaw and murderer; Rustler Cobb, a braggart atheist; Michaels, a stranded bar-keep; while Wayne and I—well, we weren't exactly church members. But it was no time for fine distinctions. All that could

be heard above the ticking of the instrument was, "How'll this do? 'Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son.' Or this ought to hit him: 'Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness,'" and then the soft shuffle of a pencil. "I'll bet there hasn't been that much Holy Writ on a wire since old War Correspondent Forbes held the line all night with the book of Genesis."

It was near nine o'clock when we got the first encouragement. Wayne's face brightened. "He's sent a repeat call for that," he said. Again he gave Mowbray the passage—"I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in him will I trust. . . . Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. . . . For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

"That means something," came Mowbray's answer. "There's light and hope there." Once more, and very slowly, Wayne gave it to him. Have you any notion how solemn dots and dashes can sound? I give you my word, that promise, as Wayne sent it in the code, was like soft music in a cathedral. Michaels, the bar-keep, cried. He doesn't know whether three dots mean the letter "s" or Johnny-get-your-gun, but he cried like a baby.

head touched the pillow. Any length of time it might have been—as a matter of fact, it was only four hours later—when I came broad awake at a jump. The wire did it.

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q." It was Mowbray all right, but another Mowbray from the sender of the night's wild messages. Wayne was already stumbling toward the big room.

"Sounds better and more reasonable," I called to him.

But his sense of wire-talk was keener than mine. "Don't like it," he growled. "Don't like it for a cent. All the vitality is out of that touch. Sounds like a— He checked himself, and amended: "Something's 'way wrong."

By this time he had reached the table. He acknowledged the call, and the message came very steady and deliberate.

"Jackson has come back."

Nothing more. Just that simple, appalling statement.

Wayne lifted his head and grinned vacantly. "What did he say?" he asked in a sick, thick sort of voice. I tried to repeat it. There was no need. The wire did it for me.

"Jackson has come back."

The grin died out of Wayne's face, but I began to laugh. I laughed out of the window because there was more air to laugh in. After Wayne had rubbed some snow into my neck hard, I began to cry.

"That'll do you!" he cried furiously. He sprang at the button again and worked it with a fury that

threatened to shatter the instrument. He might as effectively have drummed on the table so far as getting any reply was concerned.

That was a long day, Tuesday, March 11. If we sent the B-R call once we sent it five hundred times. Between two spells of calling, about five o'clock that afternoon Mowbray opened up.

"Oh-h-h!" groaned Wayne. "Listen to that style. I hate to take it."

Lifeless, dull, flaccid, like the voice of a man spent with long illness—that was Mowbray's wire-talk. Yet it ran smooth enough, and sensible enough taken word by word. It began without any signal call whatever. "He's come back and he sits opposite me with his elbows on the table and his chin in his fists, staring at me. He's dead. I buried him. But he's come back. You remember what he said. 'I'll not go alone.' That's what he said. Then he died. Just a little click in his throat and he died. Jackson died. But he's come back."

Into the pause I rushed with a wild appeal. The answer came quite coolly.

"Yes; I take you all right. I'm not insane. You don't understand. How could you? If it's an hallucination it's a strange one, for I've touched it and it's cold."

That sent me to the open again for more air. Wayne took the key.

"Just hang on, Mowbray. We start to-morrow morning. Weather Bureau reports warm spell due." This was a straight-cut lie. As if in derision of it a furious gust clutched and shook the building until its bones rattled. Moreover, the gale of the night before had cut us off from the east. The wire to Forsaken Mountain was now the only one left.

As a heartener Wayne's proffer was a dead failure, anyway.

"Not the slightest use," Mowbray sent back in his deadened, sodden Morse. "I'm a doomed man. All I want is not to go with Jackson. I must get him buried. Snow isn't enough to keep him down. I'll have to thaw the ground and give him a real grave in earth."

"It'll take him till midnight to build a fire and thaw the ground—enough to make any kind of grave," muttered Wayne. "We'll get nothing further till he's finished. Let the boys watch, and we'll turn in." For our three friends had volunteered to relieve us.

At one a.m. they called us to get Mowbray's message. Brief enough it was. He had interred Jackson and hoped for peace.

"Or death," he added simply. He was to go to bed, and advised us to do the same. You would have thought that we were the suffering ones and he the kindly adviser; but his calmness, we well knew, was the calmness of despair. Sending the watchers home, we turned in, one of us, at least, with a hateful and certain foreboding of what was to come on the morrow. But there was much between us and morning-light.

At three o'clock I awoke suddenly with a strong sense of summons. It was the identical feeling I had experienced when dozing in my chair the night before, but much intensified. In the same mysterious way it

(Continued on page 38.)



For three hours thereafter four grey-faced creatures pored over the Book of Comfort.





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connected itself with the telegraph instrument. I leaned out of my bunk, and heard Wayne stir.

"What's the matter, Sid?" he asked. "Hear something?"

"I don't know that I exactly *heard* anything," I replied. "I just sort of felt a call. Nerves, I reckon."

"Had 'em myself, then, a few minutes back," he said. "The ticker?"

"Yes."

"That's queer. I could have sworn —"

It cut him off sharp as a blow on the mouth. Both of us leaped out and rushed to the instrument. For it was softly, faintly fluttering. Yet I knew, with all the deadly certainty of terror, that it was not Mowbray. And every other wire was down! The instrument stammered and choked into silence.

"It's trying to say something—trying so hard," whispered Wayne pityingly. He spoke as of a suffering creature. His hand went out; I believe it was to fondle the instrument, but it sharply burred once and was still. Had it tried to tell us the dread secret hidden in that room on Forsaken Mountain?

Daylight found us still close to the wire, but there had been no other attempt. At eight o'clock I fell asleep in my chair. Nine o'clock came; ten, eleven, and still no word from Mowbray. Was this a good omen or an evil? With that imperative call still tugging at my spirit's sleeve, I could believe nothing but the worst. To call Mowbray we would not venture; the sound might wake him from a sleep that was refreshing his reason. But at noon he took the wire himself.

"Jackson has come back."

The same dread message in the same dreadful, lifeless Morse. This time it was the less shock, in that we both expected it, though it would have been hard to say why. Wayne turned from the table with what was well intended for a curse. But I think it was a sob.

"He means what he said,"

went on Mowbray. "He cursed me before he died. I'll not go alone, Mowbray." That's what he said, and now he's sitting there opposite, with his elbows on the table and his chin in his fists, staring at me. I found him when I got up this morning, and I've been sitting it out with him ever since. It's no use. He can't tell me what he wants. His lips are frozen. He longs to speak but he can't. But I know. 'I'll not go alone, Mowbray,' he said. And his eyes burn like fire. I must think; I must go outside and lie down and think."

"He'll freeze if he does,"

I gasped.

"It's an easy death," returned Wayne grimly. "Jackson'll not go alone."

"Stop it, damn you!" I shouted, and Wayne snarled back at me—

"Well, ain't it been enough to drive anyone nutty?"

Mowbray was not to go by the easy path of freezing. His nerveless touch on the key, some two hours later, roused us from the apathy into which we had fallen. "I have made up my mind," ran the dull, even ticks. "He has come back after me. 'I'll not go alone, Mowbray.' That's what he said. So, he's come to get me. I must bury him all over; and when he comes back I must bury him again and again and again. But sooner or later he'll find me asleep, and then—" The sounder paused. For the ending we were left to our own imaginings. It continued: "I want a prayer to say over his grave. I forgot it before. Perhaps that's why he won't let me rest. Send me a prayer for the dead."

We filled the wire with supplications, begging Mowbray to keep his mind fixed on our messages, and forget Jackson. But we could get only one reply: "Send me a prayer for the dead. I must have it within three hours."

At three o'clock we sent him all that our combined memories could recall of the Burial Service, beginning, "I am the resurrection and the life." It must have been a pitiable travesty, but Mowbray answered with, "Thank you, and God bless you." We expected nothing more that day, but at ten o'clock we got this for a good-night:

"I've buried him deeper than before, and said a prayer for both of us."

When we turned in, my heart was sick with a presentiment that, somehow, seemed to relate not so much to poor Mowbray as to Jackson. I realised what it was when, at three o'clock that morning, I awoke to hear the weird flutter of the ticker and to see Wayne hurrying out into the big room. In a few steps I was beside him.

"The wire is finding its voice," he said. "Listen. Oh, listen!"

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q." It was very faint, but quite readable.

"Do you recognise it?" whispered Wayne.

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q." It grew more distinct. I tried to find my voice, which seemed to have encountered an obstruction half-way up my throat.

"Don't you know who that is?" insisted Wayne. "Could you ever mistake that stammer in the dash?"

My voice broke through the blockade with a sudden clamour. "No, no, no! It *isn't* him! I won't believe it!"

"Jackson it is," said Wayne coolly. I marvelled afterward that the words didn't strangle him. "Take the wire while I get something."

Lighting the lamp he brought from his locker the bottle of brandy kept there for emergencies. "I've a notion we may need it," he explained grimly.

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q." Loud and clear, now; there was no mistaking that hesitant, nervous touch. Yet there was something unlike, too—something that stabbed my heart like a fanged poison. I threw the switch open. It may have been my imagination, but it seemed

agony. It seemed to come not so much from the wire as from the whole unseen world of terrors that enfolded us; the dim, horror-saturated atmosphere thrilled and throbbed in its every particle to Jackson's slow-fluttering invocation.

"For—God's—pity—let—me—rest. For—God's—dear—love—let—me—lie—quiet. In—the—name—of—the—pitiful—Father—bring—me—peace—and—unbroken—sleep."

For all my unmanly fears, for all the freezing agony that gripped my heart, I could have wept with the pure pity of it. A strangled cry from Wayne recalled me to the moment. His hands were groping blindly along the table. One of them struck the brandy bottle. "Ah!" he cried, lay hold on it, and worried at the cork with savage teeth. It stuck fast. At one blow he shattered the neck, and pressed his lips to it, swallowing the fiery liquid in great gulps. Blood welled from the corner of his mouth, ran in a quick stream down his chin, and spattered upon the table. Through it he gasped—

"You heard it, Sid. You heard it!"

"Yes."

"What was it? What does it mean?"

"Jackson."

"No living Jackson ever sent that. It's the dead Jackson, begging for rest." His face was absolutely ghastly.

"Jackson can't be dead," I insisted. "I'd swear in court to that wire."

"I'm going to find out anyhow."

Wayne's voice was growing steadier under the stimulus of the brandy.

He seized the button again.

"Mo; Mo; Mo," he clicked furiously, giving the personal call for Mowbray.

Instantly it was acknowledged.

"Did you send that?"

queried Wayne.

"What? No; I sent nothing," came the quick answer, in the unmistakable expert Morse, with the weight of ineffable weariness on the touch. "Your call woke me up."

"Who called, then?"

"Where's Jackson?"

"Buried. Wait. Let me think. How did I get here at the key? I can't remember coming here. Your call roused me, and I found myself at the table in the pitch dark. And I went to bed after burying Jackson. My feet are all numb; frozen, I believe. Don't answer for a minute! I want to think."

After a brief pause he resumed.

"No; I can't make it out. I'm here in the big room, and it's very dark. But I don't think I'm alone."

Wayne's hand jerked on the key, but he caught himself and replied:

"There's something I've got to tell you, Mowbray. Can you stand it?"

"Go on," came the steady reply. "I've reached the limits of horror, I guess."

"When I called you just now it was because Jackson had wired us."

"Then he has come back again. I expected this, but not so soon. Wait till I make a light."

Of all the agonising suspenses we had suffered, this was the worst. But it was brief.

"Jackson has come back," telegraphed Mowbray. "All the time we were talking he was sitting there, elbows on table, chin in fists, staring at me. It was he that wired you. He's dead, but he wired you. He's been after me; now he's after you."

Uttering a choked cry Wayne thrust his chair violently back, and stiffened like a man stricken, with hands outstretched and splay-fingered, warding an imminent prodigy.

"Can't you see him!" he cried. "Can't you see the dead man at the key! He's calling me. Calling—calling—calling!" He'll never stop till I go to him. Hold me back! His voice burst through the boundary-tones of manhood and soared into a shriek of uttermost terror. "Don't let him call me, Sid! Don't let—" He rose jerkily. Suddenly the light died from his eyes, he clutched at the table and went down in the limp surrender of a man shot through the heart. When Michaels, aroused by that ringing shriek, came running in, followed by the others, I had collapsed in working over Wayne.

With me they had little difficulty. But my companion, who had thus far held up the better of the two, went under far worse when the break came. He seemed dazed; now muttered brokenly, and again called out lamentably against a vision that beset his brain. Before my eyes, too, that vision had arisen; a trim, bleak room with a dead man at a telegraph



"Can't you see him!" he cried. "Can't you see the dead man at the key!"

to me that some effluence, chill and malign, sped through my veins from the touch of the key. Straight on my answer the call clicked again. From above me came a gasping sob. I whirled in dismay to look into Wayne's face; but he had instant control of himself, and said, steadily—

"All right, Sid; I'll take charge now."

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q." sounded the patient, stammering signal, as Wayne seated himself.

With a sure hand he returned the acknowledgment of the call. His face was set, now, and his eyes stared unwinkingly upon the clean-cut little piece of mechanism that had already been the messenger of so much horror. But as he leaned forward over the table it was with a shivering whisper, "Help me stick it out, oh Lord!"

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q." clacked the metal again, and there followed that strange, convulsive birring which had so startled us before.

I started to speak, but Wayne checked me with a whisper like the siffle of the snow along the windows. "Sh-h-h-h! Here it comes."

Then I heard the message that shall ring in my brain till I die, staggering into fearful meaning from the wire, as slow words are gasped out in man's final



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key, sending out his awful plea into the night for the peace that all the sons of Earth demand of her at the last. How it might have fared with Wayne I dread to think, had not Doc Whiting come in from Deluray shortly after daybreak and taken charge of him. No sooner had the patient come to himself than he broke away from the Doc, ran over to the wood-box, seized the hatchet, and chopped the telegraph-wire in three places before I could make a move. To my reproaches he said, simply—

"Sid, if Jackson wired again I honestly believe I'd lie right here." And, looking into his haunted eyes, I believed it too.

It fell to me to recount the whole matter to Doc Whiting, while the others got Wayne to bed. As I talked I could see that Doc had some clue, or thought he had. He was very particular about the time of the messages from Forsaken Mountain; but when I came to Jackson's last call he looked at me hard.

"Davis, don't you fool yourself about one thing," he said. "Jackson's dead."

"Dead or alive, he wired us not five hours ago."

"It was never Jackson."

"Do you think you could fool me on Jackson's wire-talk?" I cried. "And Wayne, too? No, Sir! We know his hand on the key, as you know your bay mare's whinny. It was Jackson, and if Jackson is dead, it was Jackson just the same."

"Davis, you ain't well," said Doc sharply. "You go inside, and I'll give you something to make you sleep."

"No, I thank you," I told him. "No closed eyes for mine. This room is good enough for me to see."

Nor could the Doc keep Wayne in bed. He too kept seeing that other room whenever he shut his eyes. What he needed was to be with the crowd. Noon found us all, a silent company, gathered round the table to which the now useless instrument was fastened, and as we sat there, the sun, suddenly bursting through the clouds, flooded the place with the signal for the start.

In half an hour the little party of six were on their skis. For hours we travelled over the intolerable jewellery of the sunlit snow-fields, to which succeeded the lurid and ghastly splendour of the moon's radiance. Presently the shack on Forsaken Mountain stood forth sharply to our view, and close under it, minified by the distance to pigmy aspect, a human figure moved and toiled against the endless, spotless spread of the snow. Involuntarily we stopped and gazed.

"Only one," said Wayne, low and to himself, and by that I knew that he still cherished a hope long foregone by me, the hope of finding Jackson alive.

"Come on, boys!" exhorted Harting. "It's a good five miles yet," and the weary little file pressed forward.

Half-an-hour later we had a closer look—a momentary glimpse of the figure. It was stooping and rising with a regular motion.

"He's digging it up again," said Doc Whiting, under his breath; and Michaels, wincing, said, "Don't, Doc."

Our last stop for breath was under the shoulder of a hill which shut off the sight of the shack, though we could plainly hear the deep breathing of the lone toiler. Harting spoke in a whisper.

"Boys, here's where Whiting takes the reins. It's up to you, Doc."

We followed Whiting into the open, and stood waiting. But I do not think the digger even knew we were there. Straightening up his back he dropped his shovel and half turned. May God preserve me from ever seeing again such a face on a human being! It was Mowbray, but there was some vital alteration of the man, something deeper than the lines of agony and despair and horror in his face; something that loosened the joints of my knees. Back of me I heard a quick breath-catch. There was a touch on my shoulder. It was Michaels pressing close, like a lonely and frightened dog.

"Oo-oo-oo!" he whispered in the cadence of his lost childhood. "He's lookin' at us, but he don't see us."

Mowbray took an audibly deep breath, straddled the shallow excavation he had made, stooped over, and rose with the half-doubled body of a blonde and bearded giant in his arm. Heaving it up to his shoulder he staggered toward the shack. Wayne stopped forward.

"Stand still!" said Doc imperatively. Wayne stopped short.

"Crazy," whimpered Michaels. "Dead, clean, mad looney!"

A groan rose from the huddled group. Mowbray had gone to his knees, toppling Jackson's body into the snow. Instantly he was up, clasped the gruesome burden to him with its legs and arms sprawling horribly outward, and so carried it, in a rush, into the shack.

"Now!" cried Doc. "Quietly, boys. Don't go in till I lead."

We could see, by the moon's radiance poured in through the end windows, Mowbray arranging Jackson at the big table. Then, he took his own seat opposite. The picture that the wire had burned into my consciousness was complete.

"Insanity or delirium?" I whispered to Doc.

"Neither," he retorted. "There are things that science doesn't know—or name." Then he began muttering something in which I caught technical words and phrases such as "sommambulism," "autohypnosis," and "substitution of personality."

Meantime the pair inside sat staring at each other, the living and the dead. And the soul of the dead passed into the living, for slowly Mowbray's hand went forth to the key, moving into a stretch of clear moonlight, and I saw with an incredible thrill that the motion terminated, not in the expert's light, assured grip of the button, but in the awkward clutch of the tyro. The sounder fluttered very faintly, and with a sinister

familiarity. A little louder it flickered; then came the halting, stuttering call, "M-Q; M-Q; M-Q."

And so surely as the Power above gave to Mowbray and Jackson two separate souls, and two different bodies, and two distinct habits of mind and hand, it was Jackson who was wiring with the hand of Mowbray.

"What's the message?" demanded Doc.

"Jackson calling for us," I replied, without pausing to consider.

"Jackson!" he cried. He peered into my face. "Jackson! Yes; I begin to see. Master of Wonders, how it works out!"

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q," quavered the ticker, and broke into Jackson's dreadful appeal—

"For—God's—pity—let—me—rest. For—God's—dear—love—let—me—lie—quiet. In—the—name—of—the—pitying—Father—bring—me—peace—and—unbroken—sleep."

Followed a moment's pause. The hand on the key was shaken by a spasm, and the sounder burred in shrill agony.

"Come quietly," said Doc Whiting. He opened the door and passed in, the rest of us close behind him. He walked straight to Mowbray, whose mesmerised eyes were fixed upon the dead eyes opposite. "Jackson," he said to Mowbray, laying a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"Yes," was the instant response. "Who is it? What is it?"

At the sound Wayne and I leaped back. For the voice that came from Mowbray's lips was no voice of Mowbray's. Never, in sickness or in health, in madness or in sanity, had Mowbray spoken thus. Don't ask me whose voice it was. I never had speech of Jackson; no man in that room, save Mowbray, had ever seen him in the life.

"Rest—rest—rest," went on the strange tones. "For the pity of Heaven, give me rest. I've begged them over the wire, but they wouldn't come. I must wire again—again—again."

Out groped the hand, and began once more that wild and suppliant cry for peace. Jim Harting, murderer and outlaw, turned a drawn and tear-stained face to Doc.

"Oh, I can't bear it," he groaned. "For the pity of Heaven"—I think he repeated the phrase unconsciously—"help him or kill him, Doc."

Doc drew a vial from his pocket and held it under Mowbray's nostrils. The light died out of the frenzied eyes, the lids fell.

"Get Jackson's body out and bury it," ordered Doc. "I'll stay here."

It was a hasty burial; but it was complete. When it was over we stood around the grave, and I did what I could in the way of a prayer. A shout from within cut me short. We found Doc struggling on the floor, with his man down. Delirium had set in, and the room rang with hideous ravings; now curses that made the most hardened of us shudder; now

(Continued on page 42.)

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heart-wringing pleas for rest—and all in that dreadful, unknown voice. In a lull of exhaustion Doc spoke.

"He's wearing himself out fast. Flesh and blood can't stand it. Unless we can recall him to himself—"  
His face of frowning gloom supplied the conclusion.

Wayne, who had wandered to the table, aimlessly fumbled with a blank sheet of paper lying there. It fluttered over, and on the reverse side appeared a scrawl of wide-spread letters. An exclamation broke from Wayne. Straightening up quickly, he caught the telegraph-key. Mowbray had now begun to mutter and rock his head from side to side. The gloom on Doc Whiting's face deepened.

"Mo; Mo; Mo," clicked Wayne's telegraph.

The rocking head poised and was still.

"Mo; Mo; Mo."

The pallid face swiftly and wondrously changed before our eyes. Wasted and worn as it still was, it was now the face of the man we knew, not of the terrible changeling that had dragged the dead body from its grave only to do its bidding.

"Stand away, all of you," commanded Doc in sudden, fierce excitement. "Wayne's got him!"

And Wayne, wiring from the scrawled paper he had found, sent its message down to Mowbray in the uttermost depths—



Mowbray straddled the shallow excavation he had made, and rose with the half-doubled body.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day. . . . For he shall give his angels charge over thee

gently. "Good-night, boys." Doc Whiting, speechless and blinded, tip-toed around the sleeping figure and wrung Wayne's hand.

[THE END.]

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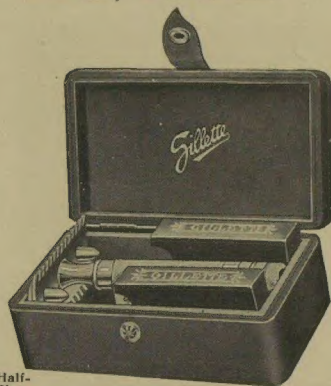
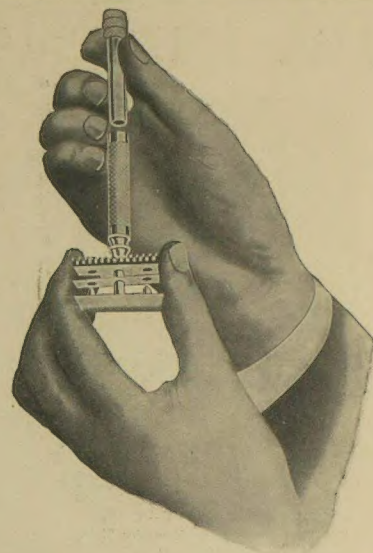
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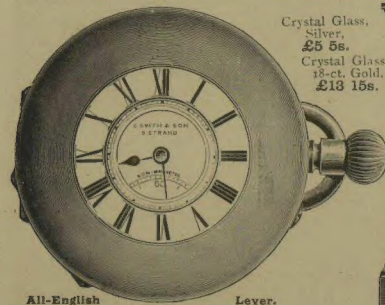
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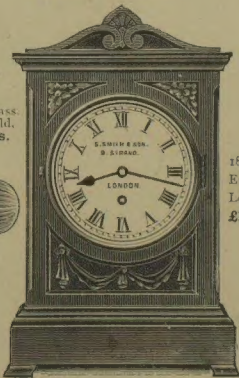
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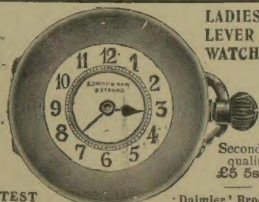


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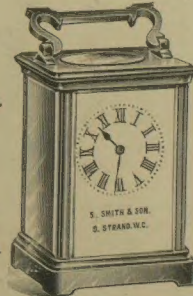


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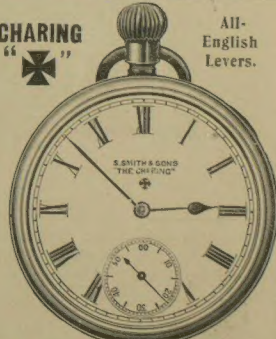
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